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COVER DESIGN: The Art-
ist's Wife by Alfred Collins
Metropolitan Museum of
Art, New York

CORONET

"INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM"



APRIL, 1937

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

IN GREAT BRITAIN 2/6

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CORONET

for
APRIL
1937

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BEWARE OF LONELINESS

ONLY THE LONELY HEART CAN KNOW
THE MADNESS THAT BRINGS SUICIDE



DURING the twenty minutes it takes you to read this article, someone, somewhere in the United States, is going to kill himself. Day in and day out, the suicide frequency in this country reaches an average of 72 every day. Since we believe that the desire to preserve one's self is the basic force of all human and animal behavior, what can we say of the source of the emotional drive which induces 21,000 people in this country to kill themselves every year? It is easy enough to spin a fascinating web of theory, but no effort should be made to set up an explanation for this phenomenon until the facts have been surveyed; every suggested theory should be measured by its adequacy in explaining the actual data on the subject.

Women try to commit suicide more often than do men; but men succeed more often. The favorite technique among men is shooting, among women, poison. Obviously it is easier for the internes in the emergency ward to pump poison out of a stomach, than it is to repair brains shattered by a soft-nosed lead bullet.

In this country, suicide is essentially

a white man's sport. Thus, in 1929, the rate averages were 15 for the white, and only 4 for the Negro. However, where the Negro approaches the white man culturally, his suicide rate tends to increase, so that, for example, the Negro suicide rate in Atlanta is only 2 while in Washington, D. C., it is more than 8.

Contrary to what the newspapers have led us to believe, young people on the whole, are relatively unlikely to commit suicide. The male rate, in general, is the same as the age, being about 20 among 20-year-old men, 30 among males aged 30, and 40 among men at the point where life begins. The female rate varies very little with age, being between 5 and 10 at every age group. Race and country of origin seem to play a definite rôle in the suicide tendency; thus, in a year when the average male rate in this country was 25, the rate among German born males living in the United States, was 61, so that the characterization of suicide as the "Dutch Act" seems to be not without some justification. The Russians, Scandinavians, and Germans ex-

ceeded the average American quota, while residents of this country born in Canada, Ireland, and Italy contributed much less than their share. This same relative distribution is seen in an examination of the statistics in foreign countries. Thus, in 1930, the general American rate was 16; in Japan it was 22; in Germany, 28; in Czechoslovakia, 30; while the blue ribbon was awarded to Austria with a suicide rate of 40. Strangely enough, however, the most suicidally inclined city was in Hungary, not in Austria; Budapest has for years reported the highest rate in the world: in that year (1930), the rate in Budapest was 60. Apparently people come from all over Europe to jump into the blue Danube. But America has one city—San Diego, which has consistently reported the highest suicide figure in the Western Hemisphere, although its rate, usually about 35 or 40, seems small compared with Budapest's score. The low suicide rates are found in the Roman Catholic countries of the world—the Irish Free State, for example, recording only a modest 5, while Britain showed a rate of 15; Spain (8), Italy (10), and Chile (3) illustrate some of the low rates consistently found in Catholic states.

In the United States, suicide is far more common in the West, than in the South or East. In a year when the average rate in this country was 13, Nevada rang the bell with a rate of 38, while California was second, scoring only 26 in spite of San Diego. The third state was Washington (21),

then Oregon (20), and then Wyoming (18). On the other hand, the low rate states were all in the South.

Among cities, the palm went to San Diego with a rate of 46; other high rate cities were: San Francisco (39), Seattle (29), Denver (26), and Los Angeles (26). In general rates were higher in urban than in rural areas. In the same year, New York City had 17 suicides per hundred thousand.

Spring is the favorite season for suicides. In May, when the flowers bloom and birds chirp, when green grass blankets the countryside, and families eat picnic luncheons in wooded groves, then the lonesome person finds his isolation more exquisitely painful, and the heart laden with *Weltschmerz* becomes heavy. In May, almost every year, the suicide rate is about 13% above the average. On the other hand, December is the low rate month, year after year.

Married men really live longer—it doesn't just seem longer. The widowed-divorced-separated group is much more likely, and the married group much less likely, to engage in self destruction, than the group of single men and women. And appropriately enough, clergymen have the lowest, and barkeepers the highest rate of suicide, among employed men. Among the suicide-prone group are pharmacists, physicians, and attorneys, while among the classes which seldom engage in suicide are farmers, engineers, and miners. Among professional men, the high point in the suicide curve is

reached in the age decade 20 to 30; once men in this class pass the age of 30, they are unlikely to kill themselves. This is not true of laborers, however, who have suicide rates which increase as the age increases.

The suicide rate tends to increase during times of business depression, but the correlation is very inaccurate. Two factors seem to modify it; the rate sweeps up most sharply among the professional and wealthier business men who are, of course, in the minority, while there is little increase among the artisans and laborers; and the most rapid increases occur in the early years of a depression, so that by the end of the third year of a slump an adjustment seems to take place, and the rate slowly drifts to normal, without paralleling business recovery in any quantitative way. During the war of 1914-1918, the suicide rate fell rapidly in every country of the world reporting these statistics. Thus between 1913 and 1917 the rate fell in Germany from 23 to 15, in Japan from 20 to 18, in the United States from 16 to 12, and in England from 10 to 7. Religion also plays a rôle in tendency to suicide, the rates being highest among Protestants, and lowest among the Catholics, with the Jews in an intermediate position.

Having familiarized ourselves with these factual data, we are in position to evaluate the theories which offer to account for the negation of the "instinct" of self-preservation and to test each by the measure of fact. Any

adequate theory must explain why suicide is more common among males than among females, among old than among young, more common in the spring than in the winter, more common among single than among married, among Westerners than among Easterners, more common in urban than in rural areas, more common in times of peace than in times of war, more common among whites than among Negroes, and more common among Protestants than among Catholics.

The most popular theories are: (1) Advocates of the theory that suicide is a simple *frustration of the ego* believe that only the kind of people who say, "I won't play if I can't have it my way," commit suicide. Their belief is that there are persons who make certain demands on society, and who will simply walk out on life if those demands are not met. If this is true, we could wipe out suicide by training people to accept second best when they cannot completely satisfy themselves. Since Catholics are more likely to accept their lot with resignation than are Protestants, and since women are presumably more ready to suffer in silence than men, this hypothesis might appear to account for some of the data. To explain the high rate in the West, however, would require a fantastic straining of this doctrine. Certainly the concentrations of large suicide figures in Central Europe is not consistent with this theory. Furthermore, it is an explana-

tion which is usually produced as an afterthought. If Mr. X commits suicide, we shrug our shoulders and say "X couldn't take it"; the fact of the suicide is taken as proof of the inability to compromise. It's a poor rule.

(2) That suicide represents the *highest form of egoism* is very popular with amateur psychologists. The theory is that suicide is an attention-getting mechanism, or perhaps a feeling that one is so important to the world that his death is a matter of cosmic moment. None of the statistical data support this point of view. Since a dead man cannot enjoy any ego satisfactions at all, this hypothesis would appear to clash with common sense.

(3) That *calm and peace* are the goods desired by the person who takes his own life is an inviting, though incomplete explanation. It is somewhat reminiscent of the Buddhist Nirvana, that delicious state of nothingness where one is at peace with the world. In individual instances, it is possible to see how attractive a status death must be to the person troubled by the torments and stresses of staying alive, how such a person might long to sink peacefully beneath his troubled waters, to find calm at last in an unruffled death. This is description, not explanation.

(4) The *return to mother* is one of the several Freudian hypotheses accounting for the suicidal drive. Mother is symbolized as earth, to whose bosom we all desire to return eventually. It is a sentiment, beautiful enough

on a Mother's Day card, but hardly sufficiently robust to withstand comparison with statistics.

(5) The *absorption of a feeling of hatred* is another Freudian effort. In its simplest terms, this suggests that if you hate someone whom, by all ethical standards, you must love, you will feel guilty about it, and that hatred will turn inwards, and you will hate and destroy yourself. The dead cannot be psycho-analyzed.

(6) That all who destroy themselves are *insane* is one of the pet refuges of the journalist. "In a fit of melancholy, he committed suicide" is, in one form or another, the substance of many an obit. The validity of this hypothesis depends on one's definition of madness. In the sense that the normal person has an irrepressible urge to preserve his life, any suicide is obviously abnormal. But most persons who kill themselves are not insane by the usual clinical standard, and any effort to stretch the concept of insanity until it embraces all suicides makes this theory only a triumphant trick of classification.

(7) Our understanding of the psychological dynamics of suicide is not advanced by describing it as *an irrational response to a panic situation*. One immediately asks why the same situation produces an irrational response in one person and not in another.

(8) *Meteorologic explanations* of suicide are more interesting than conclusive. The theory is that where barometric pressures are unstable, people feel ir-

ritable, and more prone to acts of violence. It seems unlikely that such a relationship will be found, since this would make the suicide rate vary with the murder rate—a parallelism contrary to our present statistics.

(9) The *social explanation* for suicide is a relatively modern but highly promising approach. The theory is that no one can be happy unless he means something to someone else. Furthermore, this must rest on an emotional meaningfulness, not a material one. Being important because you are rich, beautiful, or intelligent is not sufficient to satisfy the hunger for acceptability. To be adequate, this sense of meaning something to someone must arise because of the complex emotional attributes which constitute the personality. A wealthy and powerful man (like Eastman or Kruger) cannot feel that he is emotionally significant to any one, because he must always suspect that his status depends on his wealth or position. An Army officer means something to his soldiers; but his meaning springs from the material fact of rank and command. Ordinarily these meaning values develop, first in the home where the child's position of security is quite independent of his health, intelligence, or beauty, second in friendships of life, and third in the love relationship. It will be noted that these ties in what we choose to call "true love" or "true friendship" are based on the subtle personality factors which

make people feel "at home" with each other, and not on the material items of money, brains or prestige. One can get this sense of being accepted "for one's self alone" from institutions as well as from persons; the Church, the American Legion, the Communist Party, and in some instances even the Nation, can give this feeling of "belonging" merely because one is so-and-so (one of the faithful, one of the buddies, one of the comrades, etc.) rather than because one is materially significant. There are thus many sources—our parents, our children, our mates, our friends, our institutions—which can supply the sense of emotional belonging. When a person has lost this, life becomes meaningless. He is no longer an accepted member of the club of human beings. He resigns; and death is the only exit from the lodge that is all humanity.

We can now re-examine the statistics in the light of this theory. Men are more suicide-prone than women; but women, the givers of life, are more likely to feel emotionally needed than are men. Young people, too, are in a stage of expanding emotional "belongingness." For them, life holds the promise of new friends, new children, new loves. Old people are in a stage where this is contracting; ties are being severed. It is therefore not inconsistent to find that suicide rates progress with age. To the person who is unsure of his emotional acceptability by friends or lovers, the spring-

time is more likely to accentuate the isolation, for in spring with the bloom of life, and the parade of lovers, this becomes more noticeable: and the hypothesis is bolstered by the higher suicide rates during May and June. That Catholics are less likely to kill themselves than Protestants is also in accord with this approach, for no Church can more clearly give its communicants the sense of being accepted as a desired part of a large group, than can the philosophy and structure of the Roman Catholic organization. Even within the ranks of the Protestant communications, the variation is significant; for where the emphasis is on individual relationships and individual status, as in the Calvinist and Congregational units, the suicide rate is higher than among those denominations having an episcopal organization. That married people should be less likely to commit suicide than single is to be expected from this thesis, for the married person, particularly the parent, feels more needed emotionally than does the unattached. Nor is the higher urban rate inconsistent with the social approach, for the sense of "belonging" is always stronger in the small town than in the busy city. In war time, of course, this sense of being an important and desirable member of the body politic is emphasized, and the falling of suicide rates during times of war and revolution is quite in accord with the hypothesis. The lower rates among Negroes may very rea-

sonably spring from the same greater sense of "belonging," for among minority groups, internal solidarity is naturally strong; the Jews and Catholics—both low suicide sections—are, it must be remembered, also minorities: but no minority is more harrassed by external pressure than the Negroes, and it is not unexpected to find this sense of solidarity so sensitively reflected in their lower suicide rate.

The available evidence thus seems to fit more closely into the social pattern for explaining suicide, than it does into any of the psychologic theories. If this is the cause, what is the cure? To split the world into more minorities is hardly a sound procedure, for when minorities become small enough, they cannot give their members enough sense of solidarity to compensate for the loss of the sense of "belonging" to the bigger group outside. To convert the world into one large group where everyone will have a sense of "belonging" is a magnificent ideal, at the moment apparently unattainable. But what can be done now is to make it possible for the individual to forge many bonds of emotional security, to lend meaning to the ties of existent organized units—schools, clubs, churches, and the like—to provide by adequate social case work and applied mental hygiene, the opportunity for making friendship bonds deeper and richer. Hamlet's question can after all be answered in the affirmative.

—DR. HENRY A. DAVIDSON

ST. JOHN APPLESEED

*THE SAGA OF JOHNNY APPLESEED,
THE SAINT OF OHIO IN PIONEER DAYS*



THE quaintest of all frontier heroes, the character most irreproachable, was Johnny Appleseed. Fiction never conceived a stranger figure than this wraith of a man who flitted through the borderland country for half a century putting apple seeds in the ground in advance of the coming of settlers that their children might have fruit to save them from the scurvy. No other religious zealot, for such he was, ever found more practical means for rendering service to his fellows. No career in the wilds was ever more exposed to danger nor freer of any shrinking from it. Yet, strange pioneer that he was, he never carried a weapon nor killed a single living thing.

The first record of the appearance of Johnny Appleseed in Ohio was in the year 1801 and the spot was Licking Creek, now Licking County. He was a slim, black-eyed young man, probably twenty-five years old, dressed in rough frontier clothes and coonskin cap. He was traveling into the unknown leading a packhorse whose burden was contained in burlap bags. Only the long handle of a hoe and

the shorter stock of an axe protruded.

When the man and the packhorse stopped at the clearing of Isaac Stadden, early settler on Licking Creek, the frontiersman wondered what these burlap bags contained but afterward admitted that he could not have hit upon the answer in a hundred guesses. As a matter of fact they were all full of a single thing—apple seed. There was an odd idea back of them and it was to bring this same Stadden the distinction of having developed the first apple orchard west of the Ohio.

The man with the packhorse had not at that time gained for himself the pseudonym of Johnny Appleseed. Instead he was known formally as Jonathan Chapman. His early home, he said, had been in Massachusetts. His education was evidently good. But he never told the story of his early life nor what led him to his strange calling.

A flash here and there in tribute to the apple tree, however, leads to the belief that he knew well the history of its association with his race through the centuries. He probably knew that the Aryan race from which he came

had found sweet apples growing on the slopes of the Caucasus near the source of its own origin, and that the two had come down through the centuries and around the world together. His conviction that the apple is man's best orchard friend is evidenced by his actions. But the vision of pioneer children suffering for lack of it must have been his own.

Here on Licking Creek he knew just what he wanted to do. With an axe he would clear off a plot where the sun was bright and the soil rich. With his hoe he would dig it up and prepare for the reception of the seed. Here in neat rows he would plant his apple seed close together for this was not an orchard but a nursery he was establishing. Here he would start enough trees for many orchards. He would make a brush fence around his nursery for its protection. He would establish nurseries like it at many points along Licking Creek. He would have trees ready for settlers who were sure to come this way.

The seed in Jonathan Chapman's pack had been gathered at cider mills in Pennsylvania. They had come a long journey but would serve a good purpose. The record does not show how far into the wild these plantings reached. The trail is lost for five years but presumably that time was spent in getting the utmost out of one horse's pack in which were hidden the germs that, through the miracle of spring, could result in hillsides covered with apple blossoms.

In 1806 the apple-seed man again

appears in the record. This time the facts are more authoritative. He was first observed floating down the Ohio in a strange sort of craft made by lashing two boats together. Two such boats, it may be conceived, could carry many apple seed. This truest conceivable type of pioneer nurseryman, a bit raggeder, a little more outlandish looking, more eccentric than five years earlier, came ashore in what is now Jefferson County. He cleared up a plot of ground, planted apple seed in it, built a brush fence around it, and passed on. He was on his way to the frontier but leaving his peculiar imprint as he went.

Arriving at Marietta, Chapman branched off into the Muskingum where settlers were just then finding homes. He followed up this stream, planting an occasional nursery as he went. He left the Muskingum to follow White Woman Creek, then up the Mohican, and into its Black Fork. The Black Fork he followed to the very head of navigation. A look at the map will show this to have been no small journey where one man was pushing two lashed boats against the current.

These first two trips into the wilderness were the most ambitious that Johnny Appleseed ever made. Thereafter he traveled always on foot. He bore his appleseed in leather bags on his back. He followed pioneer trails. He often tramped the old Indian trail which led from Fort Duquesne to Detroit by way of Fort Sandusky. By this route it was 166 miles from Fort Du-

quesne to the Black Fork of the Mohican. It was through a beautiful country of forest-clad hills and green valleys that gave promise of the noble homesteads that were to come. Throughout its breadth apple tree nurseries were started. Soon some of the early plantings were bearing fruit which did away with the necessity of the long tramps to the Pennsylvania cider presses. But the far-flung nurseries must be tended. The replanting of the young trees in orchards around the homes of the rapidly arriving settlers must be supervised. The nurseries must be pushed all the way up to the Lake in the north. They must keep step with the advance of the white man to the west. The red man himself must be taught the advantage of cultivating apple trees near his villages. Johnny Applesced must be always on the move.

It was now that the character of this pilgrim of the borderlands, this John the Baptist of the apples, began to take on the peculiarities that attached to him throughout the forty-six years of his service in the West. Gradually he discarded all clothing of the sort dictated by convention. Man should be clothed, he came to believe, only to conceal his nakedness and not for comfort—much less display. The clothing that Johnny Applesced wore, judged from the customary point of view, grew worse as he grew older. In his earlier career he wore the old clothes of the people of the frontier, homespun or buckskin, which he had

taken in payment for his apple trees. They were none too good but in the end were put aside as evidences of self-indulgence. The standard costume of the apple tree planter became a coffee sack with holes cut in it for head and arms. For a long time he so arranged his stew kettle as to convert it into a hat when he was on the tramp but this idea he finally gave up for a head-piece made of cardboard with a visor that comfortably shaded his eyes. Sometimes he wore castoff shoes that he had found about the settlements. He might have an old boot on one foot and a moccasin on the other. But usually, even in cold weather, he went barefoot. Thus he became a fantastic figure that flitted through the forest, long-haired and scraggly-bearded, now camping in the wilderness, now throwing in his lot with a band of Indians, now sleeping for a night on the hearth of some settler.

Naturally he must live upon the country through which he tramped. This many a frontiersman had done before but mostly upon the game he killed with his rifle. This seed planter, however, never owned a rifle. He ate no meat. According to his code it was a sin to kill any of God's creatures. He ate chiefly corn meal mush and the berries by the wayside.

There were wild beasts in these forests—bears, wolves, droves of wild hogs famed for their ferocity. Yet this defenseless wanderer passed among them through the decades without fear of attack. The grass harbored many

reptiles. One settler left a record of having killed a black rattler to every square rod of a meadow he cut with his scythe. Most frontiersmen wore buckskin leggings and reinforced them with straw wrappings when they were in the rattlesnake country but this odd pilgrim passed safely through barefooted. When his legs were lacerated it was his habit to sear his wounds with a hot iron around the evening campfire, an example of fortitude that won him the highest respect from his Indian friends.

Johnny Applesced's imagination had been caught by the teachings of Emanuel Swedenborg, Swedish scientist, philosopher and mystic, advocate of the "negation of egoism," who had lived a century ahead of him. He was a disciple of Swedenborg and, strangely, sought to bring that gentleman's philosophy into the cabins of these unlettered frontiersmen. He burned with the flame to extend education and, wherever he went, tried to carry his "news straight from Heaven."

The seed planter always had a book or two, usually Swedenborg, hidden in his apple-seed pack. He wanted to carry the message of these books to the dwellers in frontier cabins. Those settlers often hungered for reading, for education. Johnny did the best he could under the circumstances. He would take a single volume of his favorite and divide it into half a dozen parts. He would leave one of these parts in each of as many cabins. Then,

upon the occasion of later visits, he would shift the parts. Thus would he bring the light to a number of cabins with a single volume.

Here might be a typical scene in the year 1820. The log cabin of a settler might sit at the edge of a clearing, surrounded by the first corn crop harvested in the new home. Bins full of pumpkins and potatoes spelled the first relief from privation. A fire roared up the chimney. Johnny Applesced had stopped in his wanderings and, sitting on the hearth, was reading from his Bible. "Blessed are the poor in spirit," he would intone, "for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven." "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." As he read such favorite passages he would expound the gospel in accordance with his own philosophy. As he read his shyness would fall from him and he would talk with an earnestness that would suggest inspiration. To these isolated people the occasion was one to be remembered. Accepting only a quilt on the hearth the traveler slept here for a night and was gone before the family rose in the morning. It is not hard, in Ohio, to find a family in which such an experience with the seed planter has come down by word of mouth to this generation.

It came also to this man of peace to play an actively heroic rôle. The most trying time through which this region ever passed came when, during the War of 1812, the Indians of the Northwest allied themselves with the British and threatened the slaughter of

all whites between the Lakes and the Ohio. During all that time Johnny Appleseed tramped his accustomed trails unafraid, safe where other whites were suffering the tomahawk and the torch. He learned the plans of the Indians to sweep out of the North and massacre all the settlers. He became a dismounted Paul Revere, of Ohio, arousing the people, warning them to flee to the blockhouses. Day and night he traveled, delivering his message, preserved to this day in family archives—

“The spirit of the Lord is upon me, and He hath anointed me to blow the trumpet in His wilderness; for, behold the tribes of the heathen are round about your doors, and a devouring flame followeth after them.”

There was a calm in the hostilities and Johnny Appleseed rested at Mansfield which town came nearest being home to him. Then word came that the Indians *en masse* were in the neighborhood and that the village was to be destroyed. There were no troops at Mansfield but at Mount Vernon, thirty miles away, there was a command. There was a call for a volunteer to attempt to get through to Mount Vernon for help. Johnny Appleseed, spare, sack-clad, barefooted, stepped forward and was given the trust on which all their lives depended. He set out at sunset. It is a proof of his fortitude that, when the sun rose in the morning, the troops were in Mansfield and Johnny Appleseed was there with them, having

covered the sixty miles between suns.

After three decades of this strange planting here in Ohio, Johnny Appleseed began to be oppressed by the crowding of the settlements. The people were so many that he could no longer know their homes. The trails he had tramped had become highways on which was heard the horn of the stage-coach. Over a hundred thousand square miles of Ohio, apple trees that were the children or grandchildren of his early nurseries, had been planted. Here in Ohio his work was done and his calling gone.

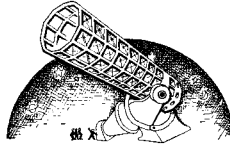
So Johnny struck out with his seed packs on his back to a new West. Indiana invited and here he labored for a decade while the sun of his life slanted toward its close. Fort Wayne was a straggling village and there one day he met a friend who told him that, at a point twenty miles distant, the brush fence about one of his nurseries had been broken down and that animals were damaging his trees.

Though he was seventy-two years old the pioneer nurseryman started forthwith to care for these, his plant children. Late in the day he came upon a cottage in the woods and rested on its doorstep. He accepted bread and milk from the settler's wife and read Beatitudes to her. He accepted a quilt and slept on the hearthstone. When the settler came in the morning to kindle his fire Johnny Appleseed was unable to rise. He had tramped his last journey.

—WILLIAM A. HERTON DUPUY

NEW TOYS OF SCIENCE

SOMETIMES NATURE SUPPLIES THE
MOST COMPLICATED MISSING PART



“NATURE loves to hide,” said a wise one. And, he might have added, man loves to seek. Out of these opposites comes the endless game which is modern science. As the chase narrows to deeper and more intimate secrets of her world and her creatures, Nature grows more reticent, withdraws more furtively into shadows, but the inquisitive seeker builds new stratagems upon old skills and grows ever more daring and ingenious as he plies trick after trick to outwit the tight-lipped dame.

Some of the researcher’s tricks are pure method, a way of thinking, of mathematizing—and an amazing realm of the unknown has been discovered in this way, later to be opened up and possessed by experiment. Other tricks are more material: devices, mechanisms, gadgets.

Years ago G. K. Chesterton said that mankind’s machines are but imitations of the toys of childhood. A quip perhaps, but it is quite true that in the laboratories one may encounter serious experimenters using devices that are glorified applications of playthings. I remember with what amaze-

ment I saw a man shooting an arrow through molten quartz. As the flying arrow dragged the hot fluid it trailed clinging fragments of the quartz, and these drew out to long fine threads and cooled to hardness even as they were formed. In this way, by a very practical game of archery, the laboratory obtained the delicate quartz filaments needed in some of its experiments.

Would you like to ride a telescope? Honest, this is no catch question. I assure you it’s a perfectly legitimate invitation, if by telescope we mean the great 200-inch reflector now being built for Palomar Mountain Observatory in California. In most of the large telescopes the starlight is reflected from the big mirror at the bottom of the telescope tube back to a small mirror centered in the tube near the top, and from thence to the observer’s eyepiece at one side of the tube. The astronomer sits on a movable stand which can be adjusted to the height of the eyepiece, and from that elevated position at the side of the telescope he sees and follows his star images and directs the photographic,

spectrographic, and other astronomical techniques.

But this new California giant, with its mirror of nearly seventeen feet diameter, is so enormous that the small inner mirror at the top of its fifty-five foot tube would be five feet in diameter. Why not put a small room up there above the inner mirror position, as an observer's station? And let the astronomer follow his stars from within the instrument, instead of from the elevated stand without? This has been done. A cylindrical cartridge-shaped compartment of five-foot diameter has been provided, the starlight will be focused through a hole in the bottom of the cartridge, and the astronomer within will make his observations as he rides.

What toy is commoner, more universal to boyhood, than the sling shot? Doubtless the sling was a venerable toy even in Goliath's boyhood, dating back perhaps to lads of the Neanderthal race or earlier. Certainly it is a very antique plaything. But in the modern physics laboratory the principle of the sling has recently been adapted to one of the most difficult and ambitious programs of research—the inquiry into the make-up of the atom. The cyclotron, the mighty atom-smashing machine of which specimens are now operating at the University of California, Cornell, Princeton, Rochester, and other places, is simply an electrical sling in which particles are flung at atomic targets. In the cyclotron the missiles

are whirled around and around, faster at each circuit, until from a slow velocity they have been accelerated to thousands of miles a second, to be released at the critical moment to deliver a smashing blow. Already atoms have fallen like miniature Goliaths before this electrical sling-shot.

In the basement of the Columbia University engineering laboratory is a small, squat, strongly-built, steel merry-go-round. They don't call it that, of course. But just as the rider on a merry-go-round feels the exhilarating urge of centrifugal force, tending to carry him outward and fling him off the rotating platform, so does any object placed in the steel box of the Columbia whirling machine experience a similar pressure. The experimenters are using this device to test the designs of proposed structures. They make small-scale models of dams, foundations, mine-supports—the model may be of toy size, with a few inches proportioned to represent a structure of many feet, but it is built to scale according to the strict requirements of the law of similitude, and then placed in the machine and subjected to the whirling motion. In this way a weight of a pound may be magnified to a ton and a half, and the behavior of the model under the measured stress gives a direct index to the behavior of the full-size structure under its load.

Smaller, but still more powerful as a magnifier of gravity, is the ultra-centrifuge. The rotating part here is

generally only a few inches in diameter. It must be built of strong metal, for the speeds attained are terrific and explosion is a never absent possibility. For this reason the mechanism is rotated within a protective steel jacket made of five-inch-thick armor plate. In an American laboratory recently, where different alloys were being tested to destruction to determine the most suitable materials, a six inch rotor of hard aluminum alloy endured a velocity of 1220 revolutions a second before it exploded. At that speed its centrifugal force was equal to 314,000 times gravity: a grain of sand carried within the chamber of the rotor would be made to press against the side with a force of many ounces, an ounce with a force of nearly ten tons!

But in laboratory use the ultracentrifuge is generally operated at velocities of 800 to 1000 revolutions a second. And not ounces, but generally very small quantities of solutions are whirled in a technique that amounts to an actual weighing and measuring of the minute invisible molecules in the solutions. For as the rotator of the engineering laboratory is used to test and guide the design of large-scale engineering structures, so the ultracentrifuge of the physical laboratory is used to investigate the molecular architecture of small-scale chemical structures.

Its trick is that of the cream separator. When a solution of a chemical compound is placed in the chamber of the centrifuge, and the apparatus

is whirled at the appropriate speed, the particles dissolved in the solution separate out according to their molecular masses, and the time required and the other details of their sedimentation give the experimenter a direct clue to their weight, shape, and dimensions.

In this way, with ultracentrifuges of different types, Svedberg of Sweden and Wyckoff of the United States have weighed and measured molecules of the mysterious crystalline substance recently extracted by W. M. Stanley from the juices of tobacco plants affected with mosaic disease. These molecules are believed to be the first isolated filterable virus, and to represent the chemical structure of the simplest form of life. Although too small to be seen under the most powerful microscope, the molecule of this peculiar substance weighs 17,000,000. For comparison, remember that the water molecule weighs 18. The shape of the virus molecule is spherical. Its size is about 35 millemicrons in diameter—which means that more than 700,000 of the molecules would have to be regimented side by side to form a line an inch long. All these facts of the minute molecular world have been disclosed by means of our diminutive high-speed laboratory merry-go-round.

On the roof of a Massachusetts laboratory a high-speed many-lensed camera on a rotating platform has discovered new facts about lightning.

There is a unique feature of this

lightning observatory that deserves applause. The observatory is sheltered by a circular roof, but since the purpose of the rotating camera is to photograph lightning bolts as they occur, and since the bolts may flash at any moment in any direction, the view must be kept unobstructed in all directions. So the observatory can have no side walls. But lightning is frequently accompanied by violent rain, in a driving wind rain may be blown under the shelter to spatter or flood the lenses of the camera. The researchers got around this hazard by a neat stratagem. They installed an air-pressure system piped to the top of their observatory, and so arranged that a continuous sheet of high-pressure air spurts downward from the roof. The most powerful gusts of wind are unable to blow rain through this curtain, and yet the curtain is more transparent than glass. Within its protecting invisible shield the swift camera whirls to capture the lightning records it wants, without invasion of the rain it does not want.

Already this air curtain idea is being adapted for dining cars and other places, as a substitute for screen doors. It's a versatile gadget, and doubtless will go far.

Speaking of practical applications, there's a new scheme afoot for testing watches. Usually, when your watch gains or loses, and you take it to the jeweler's to be corrected, he holds it for a day or two to make sure his adjustment is right to a second. The

new apparatus eliminates this wait. By means of a double microphone arrangement the repair man listens in on the beat of the watch and compares it minutely with the beat of his standard timepiece. The mechanical noises of the two timekeepers are amplified and analyzed electrically. Even the slightest discrepancy looms up large and bold, and the apparatus indicates at once where and what further adjustment is needed.

Sometimes there is a call for the seamless joining of two pieces of metal. It is often a necessity in airplane construction and repair, where the slightest protrusion of rivetheads or unevenness of welding will affect the streamlining of the ship. Recently there was developed an electric welding machine which does this sort of "sewing" with a celerity and a smoothness that is gratifying even to those taskmasters of perfection, the aeronautical designers. The two pieces of metal are overlapped as though for a seam. Then they are run between metal discs at high pressure, and as they pass thus pressed down an enormous current of electricity, like a needle of harnessed lightning, darts through at each point of contact. Its heat fuses the two laps of metal and welds them into a seamless sheet.

Last year a man in Kansas City rigged up a small hand-turned dynamo as a plaything for his children, and later tried it on more practical uses. He found that by wiring the two poles of the apparatus to steel rods,

and driving the rods into moist ground about six inches apart, he could make the soil so alive with electricity that earthworms came to the surface. Borers were destroying an elm tree, and one day as he laboriously dug for them with a pen-knife the thought occurred that the tree worms might be as sensitive to the electric shock as the earthworms. He drove two nails into the bark a few inches apart, connected them to the machine, and turned the crank. Within a few seconds the borers were wriggling out. The experimenter claims that subsequent examination of the electrically treated bark showed that the insects had vacated 100 per cent.

While a relatively small tingle of electricity may be uncomfortable and even fatal to insects, the right amount properly disposed may be serviceable to humans. And when the energy is delivered in the form of radio waves it may provide heat for inducing beneficent fevers (a practice now current in several hospitals to combat certain diseases) or warmth for whole households. Several experimental radio-heating setups have been tried, but the factor of expense is still prominent. Last winter executives of one of the large electric manufacturing companies slept comfortably through the coldest nights each under an electrical blanket, a woven fabric not much heavier than a linen sheet.

Chemists are now spinning wood into fibre of a strength and fineness that rivals the centuries-old suprem-

acy of the silkworm. Even so, astronomers still turn to the spider for one of the most necessary accessories of their meridian telescopes. For fine cross hairs, to stretch across the field of the telescope and mark the central line by which the passage of stars is to be gauged, there is nothing to excel a strand from a spider's web.

Even the unpopular housefly may furnish a serviceable part for a research instrument. An astronomer found a fly's wing useful in the construction of a delicate device for measuring the heat of remote stars.

So from Nature herself we borrow again and again the ready-made part that slipped into our handmade contraptions enable us to edge a little farther into the unknown. These instruments of science are really extensions of our hands, eyes, and ears. They enable us to touch and heft the impalpable, to peer a little deeper into the darkness, to listen a bit more acutely into the infinitesimal silences. Some day it may be possible to discern the crunch and grind and rebound of the molecules in the perpetual collisions of their heat dance, to listen in on the electrons' whirr in their ceaseless spinning round the hidden atomic center where unknown forces somehow out-play and over-rule the familiar forces of our known world. These recondite mysteries, so near, so intimately a part of ourselves, and yet so far—we look to our gadgets to unlock and unshackle them.

—GEORGE W. GRAY



KUNSTHISTORISCHES MUSEUM, VIENNA

ARCHDUKE FERDINAND OF THE TYROL

He was the first great art collector in the history of the House of Hapsburg. The third of the fifteen children of Emperor Ferdinand I, he went as his father's representative to implore his uncle, Charles V, not to abdicate, but failed (see page 86). He died at 66 in 1595.

APRIL, 1937



GIULIO CLOVIO, SELF-PORTRAIT, 1528

Giorgio Giulio Clovio was a Croatian who was living in Italy when Charles V passed through on his triumphant return from Tunis (pp. 88-92). Attracted by Clovio's work the conquering hero Charles became his patron. Vasari called him "the prince of the miniaturists."

CORONET

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THE MARCHIONESS OF DORSET, 1576

A niece of Henry VIII of England, she was one of the noble ladies present at the ceremonies attendant upon the abdication by Charles V of all but one of his crowns in 1555. (Pages 19-22 and 99-110 from the collection of Ferdinand von Tirol, Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna.)

APRIL, 1937

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KNIGHT OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE

It was no affectation for a young cavalier of the Sixteenth Century to pose in full armor as this one did for this relief portrait in jeweled wax, for never in the hundred years preceding the making of this image at the end of the 16th Century, was the continent of Europe at peace!

CORONET

22

HUNTING HOME-SWEET-HOME

*CHECK UP ON THE NEIGHBORS, NOISE,
TRAFFIC, AND PREVIOUS OCCUPANTS*



THIS May, as in most other Mays, hundreds of thousands of us will reluctantly and bitterly conclude that we will have to move again. Either the landlord has raised the rent or, which is even more usual, we have decided that our present habitation is unfit for human life. Probably our fathers and grandfathers lived peacefully in the same house for generations without thought of a change, but that was before efficiency experts had found a way to pack six families in a one family house and the radio and its wall-piercing metal voice had descended upon us. Also before the electric light which makes all-night revelry easy and attractive.

Squirming in three or four small rooms we feel (without much reason) that almost any other three or four small rooms would be better. So we call in a sweaty crew of strong men who snatch up our chairs and tables and crockery, and fling them down chipped and shattered in another part of town. While we are sorting our shoes out of the pots and pans and shaking the salt and tooth powder out of our books we congratulate our-

selves on our superior luck in finding this perfect abode. Here is home at last! A home to live in down the years! With possessive pride we admire the shining new shower, the genuine, authentic sunlight streaming in the windows, and the fine hardwood floors. It is true that these virtues are somewhat obscured by a lack of closet space, hot air heating and remoteness from any transportation, but you get used to such little things . . . and they do not in any way invalidate the shower, the sunlight or the little balcony overlooking the street. Then, as we sit on boxes unpacking china and books, vague suspicions crowd down on us, suspicions which grow into horrible certainties as days turn into weeks and months. The fact is that the girl above is studying tap dancing or the violin—studying it seriously for hours every day. Or else there is a bowling alley in that funny old building next door where they hold championship meets once or twice a week until one or two in the morning. The alleys are right under the window where you are trying to sleep, and when the

champ makes a perfect score he shatters the whole neighborhood into small fragments. Or else you are in radio-land with loudspeakers turned on full tilt all about you from dawn to dark. It doesn't matter what the radio is advertising; it's all the same to your neighbors. They are so lonely that even the bleat of an insurance salesman makes them happier. Or perhaps the blondes across the hall (or in the next house) give wild, all-night parties for gentlemen friends who are full of song and noise when they drink? Maybe you have a night club nearby? Or about a month after you have moved in one is opened and all night long taxis grind their gears and bang their fenders in their rush to snap up the drunks as they teeter to the curb? After a few weeks of this you will be shaking all over like a leaf from rage and a lack of sleep. (So you will complain to the police, will you? And what effect do you think the police will have on (a) their ancient enemies the cab drivers, and (b) Big Bill Spumoni, the gangster who owns the night club?)

* * *

Now I do not claim to be able to get you a \$400 penthouse or country estate for \$47.50 a month, nor have I invented a roach powder which will kill off your noisy neighbors without a trace, but I have some suggestions which may help you to find out more about your apartment *before* you have signed a lease and moved yourself in.

The first maneuver after you have located a place which you think you want is to spend a good deal of time in it and near it. Don't be satisfied with merely walking through a couple of times with the agent at your elbow. These repeated visits may be very inconvenient for you and will undoubtedly annoy the janitor and real estate people a lot, but they are essential. The first couple of times you look at a new apartment you are taken up with the shock of adjusting yourself to the change. You waste your time figuring out where your furniture will go and whether you can stand the color already on the walls. The position of the furniture doesn't matter in the least. Any self-respecting wife or mother will change it all around every three months anyway. Your visits of inspection should be concerned with really important matters, such as whether street lights shine in the bedroom windows all night, how far you are from the markets and what kind of people your neighbors are. Go around early in the morning, again in the afternoon, and a couple of times in the late evening, the last time around midnight or one a.m. Spread your visits out over a week or so if possible. What goes on in this neighborhood? Maybe it is right across the river from a tannery, and when the evening breeze is right you breathe in lungfuls of deep, rich aroma? Are you next door to a bar in tea-shop or night-club form? Are you near a school or gymnasium where they

hold basketball games and dances and indoor track meets late at night? You may feel friendly toward children in twos and threes, but do you want to live so near a school that you are inundated four times a day by a squealing, chattering, yipping flood? Maybe this future home of yours backs up against a garage where taxis or interstate buses race their engines around five in the morning just to make sure everything is OK? Or you may be near a freight highway, so that all night long your building will quiver and rattle as vast loads of spinach, furniture and machine parts thunder by. But as far as traffic goes, Park Avenue, Commonwealth Avenue, Lake Shore Drive, Wilshire Boulevard and many parts of the Lincoln Highway are equally murderous to sleep. Even if you are not actually awakened by the shaking and rumbling and honking of traffic, you get up the next day nervous, irritable and half-rested. Do you want to live at a nice expensive, noisy address and go to pieces of Compound Jitters at the age of forty-five or fifty? A dead end street makes the ideal street to live on—but they are usually hard to find, and houses and apartments in such neighborhoods are usually very primitive.

The more you find out about the district before you move in the better off you will be later, and the longer you will probably stay. If possible gain the confidence of the previous, or outgoing tenants . . . provided they have not been evicted for disorderly

conduct or jumped their lease. If it is not convenient to talk to them during one of your visits, try calling them on the phone. Or maybe you know somebody else in the neighborhood? Assure them all that your questions are entirely confidential; paint yourselves as a pair of feeble neurotics whom the least noise or inconvenience will set off into a pathological fury. Either through pity, some remote humanitarian impulse, or hatred of the apartment they are vacating they will very likely give you the lowdown. They will warn you that the radiators are only half big enough to heat the place and that the steam only comes up for a couple of hours in the evening anyway.

Perhaps you take fire escapes for granted? Well, you needn't. While American cities have the most modern and effective fire departments in the world, a dismal combination of high taxes making fireproofing half-hearted or ineffective, and fire inspectors who listen to reason and fail to enforce orders for new fire escapes or sprinkler systems, leave thousands of buildings which can and do burn up every year. And even if you do have good escapes—give a thought to fireproofing, and stout locks on doors and windows. Because if you are thinking of fire and burglary insurance to watch over your furniture and clothes while you are away, think again and read any such policy closely. Before you can recover for articles burned you must prove you

owned them. Have you a bill of sale for that chest of drawers, your evening clothes, or your typewriter? So your wife's fur coat was on the bed which was burned to ashes by the careless cigarette? Well, prove it! Prove you ever even owned a fur coat! And your antique silver spoons which have come down to you from your grandfather were stolen? Well, produce a bill of sale and don't waste the insurance adjustor's time!

Still another item which is worth giving a thought to when you are choosing a place to live, but which Nice People do not usually consider, is that since all our citizens are fine, clean, womanhood-worshiping gentlemen, almost no American towns except Reno, Nevada, have official red light districts. The result is that dens of sin can and usually do exist in some of the very best and most exclusive neighborhoods and apartment houses. Only sharp eyes and repeated visits will reveal such a situation. More discreet establishments can often go along for months before even the building agents learn of them. A revealing detail in a vacant house or apartment you are considering is a Yale lock on all the doors . . . bedroom, dining room, living room, kitchen, etc. Maybe the locks are no longer there, but holes as big as eggs in each door indicate they have not long since been removed. This previous occupation of your apartment may result in doorbell ringing during the early hours of the morning and

drunken and insistent requests for Minnie or Lois or Cokey Flo. Again I can suggest no infallible means of avoiding such a situation except that you keep your eyes open and pay more attention to the neighborhood and the neighbors than the precise tint of the walls or the amount of chromium in the bathroom and kitchen.

You may as well reconcile yourself right off to the fact each of your neighbors within earshot who can afford it will throw two or three noisy, drunken parties during a year. If they are well off they will drink more consistently and make practically no noise about it. But if alcohol is a luxury, they will be horrible. It's the once-or-twice-a-year boys who make the night hideous and send the neighborhood out to work the next morning red-eyed and sleepless.

As to a lease, that 100,000 word document printed in diamond type, which you may have to sign when you move into your happy, happy new home, there is very little point in reading it. It's all against you anyway. You are convicted even before you move in. If you doubt this turn to the clause concerning disputes between the Landlord and Tenant. In the case you and your landlord should go to law—both parties *waive the right to trial by jury*. The Real Estate Boards who do the literary work on leases are no fools. They know that ninety-nine out of a hundred jurors are tenants.

—CREIGHTON PEET

THE JAZZ SONATA

HE CAME FROM A SWING ORCHESTRA
BUT HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN MOZART



THE room fell with no difficulty into the class called studio; that is to say it was large, barely furnished and, cold, but, up to a point, self-contained. Items for the basic needs of the body were grouped on one side: for drink, a sink; for food, or rather the preparation of it, a gas plate; and for sleep, that ravener of man's short time, a couch. Those for the basic needs of the body. On the opposite, or spiritual side, there was a piano—a Steinway grand—a very good phonograph, and a bookcase in which there were a few books, a great many piano scores, and many phonograph records. There were three windows along one wall, tall panes that reached the full height of the room. No curtains; this was a studio for a painter, but a pianist had got into it.

The pianist sat on the stool listening to Schnabel; getting up only to turn the record over, take it off, and put on another. As she listened she ran her index finger round and round the rim of the coffee cup, like children at dinner parties, trying to make the goblets ring. With her, though, it was only a rhythmic act, like tapping the foot.

There was something childlike about Hilda Means as she sat there so; but she was no child; she was forty, anyway forty, and her brow was pretty well marked up from having done so much figuring all her life. Her hair was light and she brushed it straight back out of the way, but it was very limp and wispy, so that it wouldn't stay out of the way; it fell downward and forward over the heavy side-pieces of her glasses in such wise that at seven o'clock in the morning she looked very much as Beethoven himself might have looked at the end of a hard day's composing.

When the last record of the *Sonata* was played out and the phonograph had clicked itself off, the woman sat still for a time, holding onto a fake peace, trying to ignore what she knew—that her nerves, the traitors, were out to get her. When she finally got up and went to the piano, the cords at the sides of her neck stood out stiff, like bones with knots tied in them.

It was open on the music rack: Beethoven, *Sonata in C Minor, Op. 111*. First Movement, *Allegro con brio*

ed appassionato, not that she needed the notes; she had worked on it sleeping and awake for four months; she had bought Schnabel's recording of it; one might almost say that Hilda Means, by and large, *was* Beethoven's Op. 111. She sat down, looked hard at the score and worked on her hands, rubbing one with the other and the other with the first, then both palms against the sides of her legs. She was doing what she could to make the will rigid and the hands limber.

Done. She drew breath like a singer and began to play. She plunged into the short introduction that breaks suddenly into the three dire notes of the first subject. Three notes in the deep bass, twice repeated, and the tone is set; then the right hand comes in to back it up, and from there it grows in all directions until it has strength enough to lift the world. Nothing to fear; the music is there. A man lived who knew how it should be and wrote it that way, note by note.

She had it going this time. Who knew better than Hilda Means what this music is about? Who understood better the moods of resistance and submission that commentators ascribe to this work? She was the commander here, controlling the movement, holding all the threads securely in the grasp of her two hands, dominating it *con brio ed appassionata*. This was the way it should be done, the way she prayed and hoped and hoped and prayed she could do it the night when

she would play it in concert before an audience of pianists, the Hoffmann Piano Club. She kept it going. Half-way through the first movement she began to twist her body as she played, around to one side, around to the other side, farther around each time; then as the music gathered pace her timing faltered once; she caught it, went forward three or four bars, faltered again, and stopped playing.

That was it. The fake peace was gone now, and the woman sat still, her hands pushing against the cords at the sides of her neck. She would, she knew it, do this at her concert, she would always do it, as in fact she had on the only other occasion when she had played an important concert. She had got herself in knots, that time, over a Bach Prelude that offered no great technical difficulties. And that time she had tried to face it out; she started it over twice before she finally left the stage.

She was in the position of one who, falsely accused, opens his mouth to say the words that will establish his innocence and finds that he cannot speak.

How to over-ride an impasse?

She sat there at the piano, holding her neck, and when someone kicked the door from the outside, she jumped and started to cry, but got it stopped by the time she opened the door.

Archie Grove was the man who had kicked the door. He was standing there with his hands in the pockets of his dinner jacket as if they were tied

there. He looked almost all right; he was very well dressed, except that seven in the morning is not right for a dinner jacket and he wore no overcoat, just dinner suit, hat and no tie. He was getting himself ready to kick again, balancing on one foot to see if he could, when Hilda Means opened the door.

"Oh," she said, seeing him in a position to kick, "Mr. Grove."

He put his foot down and walked past her into the studio.

"Couldn't knock," he said. "Something's gone wrong with my hands. I keep feeling things that aren't there. Felt a spoon for a long time, plain as anything; then a key, but I look and there's never anything there. You want to know what I feel now? Steering wheel. I feel it in both of them, but I'm not even in a car, so I must be wrong. Anyhow, I left the car downstairs."

He talked fast and kept it up, going from one thing to the next and hearing the words come out. He was high, it appeared, as a kite. Possibly higher. Hilda Means did not know him well; he was the young man who played the piano in a dance orchestra.

"Yes, exactly so," said Hilda Means who wasn't scared, but who nevertheless had remembered that it is unwise to gainsay a drunken man or a maniac. The least you could say about young Mr. Grove was that he did not seem normal, even as normal goes in an off-center society. "Precisely," said Hilda Means, just to back it up.

"Something I want to ask you," he said. "Thing is I'm tired, and I wondered outside when I heard the piano if you'd let me lie down in here for awhile and you'd just go on and practice, just keep on playing the piano, same thing you were."

He looked as if he meant it. He was no doubt as tired as he said and something was wrong with his eyes. The pupils were narrowed down to almost nothing, and the so-called whites were something else, something between yellow and green.

"Could I get you a glass of water?" Hilda Means said compassionately.

"Hah!" said Archie Grove in a single explosive negative noise.

No water for Archie Grove; when he was really thirsty it was for music, and the better the music the greater the thirst, or the greater the thirst the better the music had to be. It was a sort of vicious circle except for the complete lack of vice; call it a perfect circle, then. Call it whatever; call it a yen, that's what it was; and it was—Archie Grove wanted to establish this point firmly even at the risk of boring by repetition—it was an awkward thing to be stuck with. Why, with a thing like that around your neck all the time you can't cut loose for a minute and call your soul your own; it's like motherhood, you've got to respect it, year in, year out. Take right now, for instance; he'd been on his way upstairs to see a fellow, but he'd had to give the whole thing up and come in here just because on the

landing he'd heard some music and it had touched him. Touched him! It had hit him like something you never heard tell of, something hard and heavy as, oh, how to say it—?

"What's hard and heavy enough?" he said, getting his eyes focused for a light second in the woman's direction.

"Shall we say, perhaps," began Hilda Means, "could we say a steam shovel?"

"Oh, all right," said Archie Grove out of pure chivalry, "but it isn't exactly what I was getting at."

He had again caught sight of his hands and had them tight in his pockets. Same old spoon he said to himself. It had him worried; he shook his head and closed his eyes. He had the supersedentary look of jazz musicians, the tired, under-nourished, over-stimulated look that goes with the night-after-night grind of playing while the people dance. He was still young; his face was sharp as a bird, but he was already losing shape in the stomach. Maybe tomorrow, maybe next month he would be over the rise and on his way down the negative side, middle-aged and beginning to dissolve ten years, twenty years ahead of time. Actually he would be about twenty-six or seven. His hair was still growing.

About music he had more to say. He loved it, see? It was the thing he loved. At least, the way he felt about it was like love, but with the important difference that you could trust it. The more you give it, the more it

gives you. Positive reciprocity, no dodges. Only one thing in his life he was really ashamed of and that was the time he came out of a cure and took a job playing with Jay Ricardo at the Amsterdam, because he could get a lot of rest while he was playing, no strain on the nerves, just sit there and play corn all written out for you, four in a group, fifteen minutes between groups, swallow-tailed crowd all dancing careful. Eighty-five a week, but he couldn't stand it not having anything to do with the music, just sitting there playing chord sequences that were all written out for him, and the spotlight on the other piano with Ricardo himself playing a cadenza style that would make you want to break him and flashing his teeth at the diamond bracelets.

"It was worse than the cure; I got to thinking what do you take a cure for, what do you play with Jay Ricardo for at the Amsterdam when you can play in a honky-tonk with Joe Gaines and play it the way you feel it, get somewhere with it? What good is it to be healthy and make eighty-five a week when all the time you're selling out your own standards and feeling like a rat out of water or do you see what I mean?"

Hilda Means had gone over to the practical side of the room and was making some more coffee. She wasn't afraid at all now; Archie Grove's language was new to her, she'd never heard of that kind of corn before and she didn't know what the verb

to sell out meant, but she found the meaning behind the words, and she did know what standards were. Her whole trouble, like Archie Grove's, lay in her knowing so well what standards were; she didn't sell them out, as he said; she left them right where they were and crumpled up in the face of them.

"I think, perhaps, Mr. Grove," she called to him in the voice people use on foreigners, "that I understand precisely what the trouble was. I, myself, used to have a very fine situation teaching piano in a small town in Montana. Missoula was the name of the town. I was you might say famous, in Montana, as an interpreter of Liszt's rhapsodies and as a piano teacher for children. But sometime along I got very tired of Liszt and very discouraged about teaching, and so I left Montana entirely and came here and started to work seriously. I shouldn't have done it, as it turns out. It was very impetuous and ill-considered."

"You broke?" asked Archie Grove. "Too bad." He was walking back and forth again, jerking along.

"No, I've got enough money," she said, and then, just because the whole thing was too much for her and somebody was there to know it, she began to weep, genuine old-girl weeping with face-making, the pure thing.

She was leaning her head against the wall beside the sink, and he was behind her, walking in a half-circle from wall to sink and back to wall,

taking a hand out of a pocket long enough to give her a pat on the shoulder every time he passed her.

"I'll be all right," she said, "I'm just tired and nervous." And having said it, she accepted it for the awful thing it was and began to cry the harder. She wept from her heart for her defeat, for the impotence that was the only result of all her years of striving. She wept that she was old and lonely and valueless.

Archie Grove stopped walking and put both his hands, in spite of everything, on her shoulders and turned her around. Her glasses were washed unevenly with her tears, like clean windows under a heavy rain.

"I know," he said, "you're tired and nervous, that's what. Maybe you think old Arch doesn't know what it is to be tired and nervous; baby, do I know what that is, especially nervous?"

While he talked, he smoothed her hair back, ever so gently, pushing the wisps behind her ears, and keeping the low-gear engine of his voice turning out words of consolation.

"Look," he said, "tell you what. You lie down on the lovely couch and let me cover you all up, and then I'll go over to the piano and play you while you rest, the way I wanted you to do me when I first came in, only I'd rather do you now; you're the tiredest."

She was passive and he led her to the couch and put a steamer rug over her very carefully, taking such pains that when he had done tucking her

in, Hilda Means looked laid out in a plaid winding sheet. He stood off and made the attempt to survey his work with artist's narrowed eye; then he tiptoed across the room to the piano, sat down on the bench, pushed his hat to the back of his head and began to play.

He played *Washboard Blues*, in strict time, but slowly and quietly and sadly, in keeping with the time and the place and the subject matter, with an instinctive sense that this was a special kind of lullaby, that it must admit pain and weariness all the while it soothed them.

He was started; now he veered away from the original melody and put himself to improvising variations on theme with an inventiveness and musical sense that were endless and easy and right. He might have been Mozart; it was the same thing. He had played a theme, and somewhere there had been a point of departure, and now he was making music on his own, just sitting there with his hat on the back of his head, running it up, spinning it off, using the direct method.

Hilda Means had propped herself up on an elbow, the better to hear this strange, but oddly familiar performance. She kicked herself free of her trappings, after a time, and got up from the couch. When Archie Grove said whew and finally stopped playing she said,

"Is that the way they play in Jazz orchestras?"

Archie Grove was looking grey

and breathing with some difficulty.

"Not in Jay Ricardo's," he said. "Reason I quit. Have to play it the way I feel it. Takes it out of you though, at that."

He was looking around for a place to fall.

"I should have gone a little slower," he said with his eyes three-quarters closed. "Last night's first jam I've been on since I went back with Joe. We got together with some niggers after the show and played all night. I guess I sort of outdid myself. It's going out on me all of a sudden."

"You'd better lie down."

"Where?"

This time Hilda Means led Archie Grove to the couch and put the steamer rug over him. He was beyond asking for it, or hearing or caring, but for some reason or other, she went to the piano and played 111 through from start to finish. She forgot her fears and delighted, as she played, in Beethoven's supreme ability to vary a theme and in her own supreme ability to play the notes, not as notes but as ideas. When she had brought it through she knew she could do it again tonight and again tomorrow and again any time she wanted to. She couldn't have told what had happened but she knew that something had and that she was free of herself and able now to think of the music as music. The music is what matters. Archie Grove over there on the couch had been saying so all morning. —DOROTHY BAKER

THE DOGS OF HELL



If you pause a moment from whatever you are doing,
And stand apart,
And listen to your own heart,
You can hear them laughing.
They snarl now no longer: they are content.
Why should they longer sorrow?
They grin toward tomorrow:
They know, they know, what all the pledges meant.
They knew the pledges would not last too long.
Now hear them bay! this is their hunting-song.

Tomorrow they will be feeding, replete again.
They will be feeding on meat; they will be munching
And cheerfully crunching
The guts and bones of men slain.
They will look up, with the entreating eyes of a beast
That turns aside an instant from its feast,
And will pathetically plead
That this offering, merely this, is not enough for their need.
Their luring eyes will say:
"Come, you children, you too, come this way!"

O my country, be brave!
Stare into the beasts' eyes, frown, and remain apart!
There is nothing in that arena that speaks to your heart.
In this blackening day
Be brave, my country: be brave enough
To go your own way.

—ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

APRIL, 1937

THE BAT CAVE

*THERE ARE TIMES THE SCIENTIST'S
LIFE IS THRILLING AS A SOLDIER'S*



THE whole area was covered with dense forest, and as I began exploring the level, sandy floors of the street-like passageways between the great chunks of rock, the light became fainter and fainter. There was practically no bare rock at all, every inch of its surface where there was any light being covered with smooth, soft, bright green moss. The place was like a buried city, silent, mysterious and eerie.

Turning an abrupt corner I came upon a wide sunken arena overhung by a tall cliff. The light was very dim under this natural arch and I saw an endless stream of bats passing to and fro from the mouth of a cave at one end to a monstrous horizontal crack at the other. The whole roof of this archway was a dense mass of sleeping bats, suspended upside down in serried ranks. The ground below was covered to a depth of over a foot with their excrement, which had disintegrated under the effects of the weather and resulted in a mass of broken remains of uncountable millions of insects.

Among this strata of bat guano I

found a number of peculiar insects and a small, bright red millipede that I have never seen anywhere else.

By a mere fluke I had a torch in my collecting bag, and with its aid entered the cave. The mouth was only just wide enough to permit my squeezing through, but within it expanded somewhat and rose to a great height above. On both walls as far as the light of the torch penetrated bats were hanging or crawling about. The air was literally filled with them. The floor was covered with guano to such a depth that I could not reach the earth below even by digging with a "trapper's friend"!

I was so amazed at the whole place and its denizens that I forgot all time and scrambled onwards into the depths, following the endless streams of bats that hurried along and round the corners just as busy traffic does in the streets of a great city.

Turning a corner, I was confronted by a blank wall. The bats were all passing upwards and disappearing over the top of a miniature cliff. I clambered up with some difficulty and found that I was on top of one of

the great blocks of rock. The next one above it was held away by a third block's edge far to the right. This left a horizontal gallery that stretched far ahead, beyond which I could see a large chamber. Into this I eventually emerged complete with gun and all other equipment after a few uncomfortable minutes wriggling through, all the time obsessed with that ridiculous but persistent impression that the roof would suddenly cave in and pin me in a not quite dead condition where nobody would ever in any circumstances find me.

The place that I now found myself in was much larger than any that I had previously passed through. It was nearly the size of one whole block and almost exactly cubic in shape. The air was as dry as a desert sandstorm and whether it was due to this or the pungent smell of the bats I do not know, but my lips became hard and cracked in a surprisingly short time and my eyes began to water. The roof was altogether free from resting bats, but on the walls were what I at first supposed to be a great number of them. Some being very low down, I put down my collecting bag and gun and advanced with the torch and a net only, to try and effect a capture.

As I approached the side, however, these things that I had supposed to be bats vanished as if by magic. One minute they were there; the next they were gone. By the time that I was close enough to the rock face to be able to see what they were, had they

still been there, there was not one in sight. This was most perplexing.

Deciding that the light must disturb them, if they were not mere shadows, I put out the torch and crept forward to another wall. Suddenly flashing on the torch again when I judged that I was close enough, a perfectly horrible vision met my eyes. The whole wall was covered with enormous Whip-scorpions, crouching and leering at me. Only for a second did they remain, then, like a flash, they all shot out and away in all directions, disappearing into paper-thin crevices with a loathsome rustle.

The whole behavior and appearance of these loathsome creatures, which look rather like squashed crabs, is revolting in the extreme, but they were of such unusual size and color that for the sake of science (blah, blah, blah!) I steeled myself to a systematic hunt with all the low cunning of a cave man in search of food. Eventually I captured a few after many misses, once being subjected to the nerve-shattering odiousness of having one of them scuttle over my bare arm in escaping from the net.

After this experience I deemed science had sufficient material to gloat over and I devoted my attention to an examination of the ground for invertebrates. The bats were entering by the same route as I had done and, after crossing the gallery diagonally, disappeared through one of three vertical fissures, though most

of them streamed into and out of the left hand one, which was the widest. Across the floor below the line of their flight stretched a ridge of their droppings, showing that they excrete while on the wing. Elsewhere the floor was covered with silver sand and spotlessly clean. Only in one corner of the room, remote from the bat highway, was there a pile of small, pellet-like dung.

Examining this, I at once noticed that it was not composed of the crushed remains of insects as was that of the other bats. It resembled more the droppings of a rabbit, although there seemed to be a few small bones projecting from it. This prompted me to search the ceiling above to ascertain where this might be descending from. All I could see, however, was a small cleft above, and so, taking the shotgun, I managed by degrees to lever myself up the sharp angle of the corner and eventually peered over the brink into the cleft.

As I switched on the torch I went cold all over and felt as if my skin were wrinkling up all over me preparatory to splitting and falling off in one piece leaving me naked. The only alternative to looking into the crevice a second time was falling down backwards and therefore, after summoning up courage, I switched on the torch again and took a second look. The result was just as bad.

In the mouth of the hole not eighteen inches from my face, four large, greenish-yellow eyes stared unblink-

ingly at me. They were so large that I thought involuntarily of some dead human thing, but the faces that projected in front of them soon dispelled this impression. That face I saw is quite indescribable, and in addition to it, there were clammy groping fingers all muddled up with endless flaps of wrinkled naked skin. I pushed in the net and made a random scoop; then I slipped and crashed to the bottom of the cave.

The gun, luckily, fell in the soft sand, and I retained hold of the net in which a huge Hammer-Headed Bat was struggling, but my left leg was emitting piercing pains and both wrists were quite numbed. There followed an awful period during which I tried to kill the bat in the net and nursed my leg and arms making, I am afraid, a great deal of noise about it. Eventually I got the animal under control and chloroformed in the "killer" and then set about gathering together the wreckage. When I came to the gun, my wrists were still numb, but being anxious to make sure that there was no sand choking the barrel, I foolishly tried to open the breech. I am not exactly certain what happened, but both barrels went off almost at once and the gun shot partly out of my hand.

At the same moment the light went out.

There was a period of tremendous echoing and then the whole of this eerie subterranean world seemed to give way, starting with a gentle

“swussssh . . .” and culminating in a rattling roar. Things fell down on all sides and choking dust filled the air; while I groped for the torch hundreds of bats wheeled around my head screaming and twittering.

The torch would not light. For some maddening reason it was not forming a proper contact and I had to sit down and take the batteries out in the dark. I pulled out the metal strips on the ends and procured a flash of light by holding on the screw cap at the back of the container but in my excitement I could not for the life of me get this screw onto the thread. Eventually I had to light a match, but before I could see anything the flame went greenish blue and quickly died. Other matches did the same.

I had just discovered that they burnt better at a higher level when, with an awful crash, a shower of earth cascaded down from my right side and covered my feet and most of my equipment, which was lying on the floor. There was a wild scramble to retrieve all my possessions and move to a bit of clearer ground, but every time I bent down the match went out. There was obviously some gas or lack of gas that killed a flame near the floor. I therefore concentrated on fixing the torch and at long last it lit up.

It was less use than a car headlamp in a dense mist because the air was filled with clouds of billowing dust from which a very much startled bat

periodically emerged. Groping forward, festooned with gun, collecting bag, net and torch, I tried to locate the wall in which the cleft was, through which I had gained an entrance, but I soon lost my sense of direction. Then I stumbled across the ridge of bats' dung. This I followed up until it disappeared under a great screen of fine dry earth which was still being added to from above. After further groping I found the cleft, but the dust was so dense that I could not see more than a few feet into it. This was, however, quite sufficient really to disturb me.

The cleft was choked with earth and rubble.

Slowly it dawned on me that the percussion of the shots had released all kinds of pent up things and perhaps even shifted the roof, as I had imagined might happen through natural causes.

By this time the dust had begun to clear considerably and the rumblings and droppings had ceased. I trekked back to the other side of the cave and tried each of the three exits. The largest, upon which I based my hopes, narrowed quickly and then plunged downward into a low, uninviting crevice. One of the others was too narrow to permit the passage of my head but the third, although very small, seemed to continue endlessly. Its floor descended rapidly, however, and I soon discovered that the air was very bad a few feet down—matches hardly lit at all. I had there-

fore to return to the central cave from which I felt almost certain there were no other exits. As the dust was by now less thick, I determined to go all round and make certain.

There proved to be a hopeful looking chimney in one corner, but try as I would, my left leg steadfastly refused to assist me to climb! This was rendered even more aggravating by the fact that a piece of burning paper thrown upwards to its mouth was instantly sucked up out of sight never to return, which all went to show that the passage had some connection with the outer world. Burning bits of notebook were then applied to the three exits. In one the flame promptly went out, in another, it just wilted and only in the narrowest one did it sail away into the distance burning merrily. Such a result might, of course, have been predicted!

It then struck me that the choked entrance might not be all choked, so, scrambling along the ledge formed by the long horizontal mouth of this, I peered among the piles of earth that now clogged it, pushing small pieces of burning paper into any gaps or holes that remained. About two-thirds of the way down to the right the paper left my hand and blew straight into my face. I could feel a small draught. The hole was very low and descended towards the right, whereas the part of this gigantic crack through which I had come further up had distinctly sloped upwards out of the square chamber; however, there was fresh

air coming in so, provided it was not too small, it seemed the only feasible exit. I accordingly packed everything into the collecting bag including the stock of the gun, wrapped the gun barrel in the muslin bag of the net to prevent its getting scratched, crammed my felt hat on to my head for the same reason and, holding the torch in my right hand, committed myself to the depths and the will of Allah.

Progress was slow and at one period extremely painful because the ceiling—being the flat underside of a giant tilted cube—gradually descended until there was only room for me to squeeze through with the greatest difficulty. This effort I had to make because I could reach for and feel the angular edge of the ceiling cube just beyond. This edge was as sharp as the angle on a small packet of cigarettes though the block of rock above must have weighed thousands of tons. Through this slit I must get, and it was a struggle in no way made easier by having a now more or less useless left leg and also having to get the collecting bag over my head in order to push it through ahead of me. How I envied those beastly Whip-scorpions!

Once through, I found myself in a long wide corridor again immaculately carpeted with silver sand. Having by now lost all sense of direction, I set off to the left where I was soon involved in a tumbled mass of immense angular boulders. To climb over them was a little more than I

felt prepared to attempt so I dived in and tried to find a way through. This led me into a tunnel that smelt strongly and vaguely familiar. Before I had time to think what the cause of it could be, however, a rasping grunt echoed out from its depths and, realizing at once that I had walked voluntarily into a leopard's private quarters I lost absolutely no time at all in passing back through those boulders as if I were a sand worm brought up to perform such feats. The only course now was to try the other way as I had no desire to meet a leopard and even less to fire at one with a shotgun in the depths of the earth after what had occurred after the last cannonade.

The other end was a perfectly smooth blank wall. I began to feel rather desperate, a thing one should not do in well regulated adventures but the feeling was nevertheless sufficiently insistent to call for a cigarette.

Whilst seated on the sand smoking, feeling sorry for myself, and recounting a lot of things I would like to have done I played my torch hither and

thither over the opposite wall, and it was only after a long time that it dawned on me that I was gazing at great patches of green moss. Even after this it was a long time, during which I repacked my equipment, banded a knee and smoked another cigarette, before my idiot brain put two and two together and deduced that green moss meant sunlight.

Then all at once this fact penetrated my silly head and I realized that I had never yet looked at the roof. I flashed my torch upwards and saw a line of green branches dangling down into the cleft. During my subterranean meanderings night had come—I was standing in the open air.

Putting the gun together and loading it against a chance encounter with the inhabitant of the boulders, I advanced on his domain and after some exertion managed to climb up over the boulders and arrive among the roots of the trees near the bottom of the gorge.

Two hours later I was back in camp sore, temporarily crippled and very thirsty. —IVAN SANDERSON

THE PRETTY STENOGRAPHERS

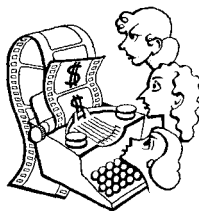
See the pretty stenographers watching the movie!

It is about another stenographer who married a millionaire!

There are no movies about stenographers who work for twenty dollars.

Who would want to see such an uninteresting movie?

—OTTO S. MAYER



APRIL, 1937

WHAT, NO MOON?

REPUBLICANS AND COMMUNISTS WERE
FURIOUS, AND SONG-WRITERS SWOONED



ON MAY 17, 1937, the astronomers at Yerkes Observatory and Mt. Wilson Observatory reported to the Associated Press (through Science Service) that the moon had vanished at 4:57 a. m. (E.S.T.) Several hypotheses were offered to explain this phenomenon—perhaps another planet had drawn the moon out of its orbit, or perhaps this was an instance of the disintegration of energy (*vide* the Belgian astronomer, Bracque, in *Science*, March 12, 1936).

Wiseacres, over their breakfast newspapers, said this was just some more newspaper talk, probably a publicity stunt.

But that evening, when eyes were raised skyward, no moon could be seen, either through the naked eye or through telescopes. Manufacturers and dealers of telescopes and field glasses did a landoffice business. Enterprising businessmen (for fees ranging from ten cents in the street to one dollar on the dignified roof of Rockefeller Center) gave the public the privilege of examining a moonless expanse of sky.

The New York *Journal* appeared

with extras blazoning the headlines: *Moon Missing. Communist Plot Suspected.*

The Foreign News Service carried a dispatch from Hitler announcing that the disappearance of the moon was a scheme of Jewish international bankers and communists to dominate the universe.

Herbert Hoover wrote an open letter which was printed in all newspapers:

“Speaking not for the Republican Party, but as a public-minded citizen, I regret that the New Deal has not only destroyed individual initiative and private enterprise, that it has regimented and collectivized the electorate, but now seems to be responsible for this deplorable incident of the moon disappearing.”

On May 18, the New York *Sun* printed the following letter and editorial on the front page:

“New York *Sun*

Dear Editor:

My friends say there is no more moon. Please tell me if this is so. I am 8 years old with curly hair and it would break my heart to hear the

moon isn't any more. I asked Daddy, but he says, 'Ask the *Sun*. If the *Sun* says so, it's so.'

Yours truly,
Nancy O'Drool"

"Dear Nancy:

Of course there is a moon. What skeptical, agnostic friends have been trying to put such heterodox tenets in that charming little 8-year-old head of yours? Of course there is a moon, Nancy. But you must have faith in the moon and the *Sun*. And why worry about the moon, when you still have the *Sun*?

Sincerely yours,

The *Sun*"

But the real excitement began when the Song Writers' Guild of America realized what this disaster meant to them. A mass demonstration was held in Madison Square Garden to protest the moon's walkout: "This means our ruin. What have we got to use for our lyrics now that the moon is gone? Exactly 93.47% of our songs featured the moon in a stellar role. Already one of our members (Leroy Pinzer) has committed suicide because he had just completed what would have been a smash hit, *Moon Over Madagascar* when this calamity happened."

From Hollywood came the report that J. Montmorency Krakauer, director at Acme Studios, suffered an apoplectic fit. He was in the midst of directing *Passion in the Moonlight* when he learned the moon was missing. He began fuming and cried hysterically to his assistants, "Tell me,

did I order the moon should go away? Why did it got to wanish right in the middle of my major opus?" Then he collapsed.

College students called a one-day strike on May 19 to protest against the moon. The typical expression of resentment was: "Now that the moon is gone, all the romance is gone out of life. No more parked cars under the moonlight. No more moonlight beach parties."

On May 20, the New York *Times* received 17,392 letters to account for the phenomenon: A few examples follow:

"Editor, the *Times*:

Anybody with an ounce of common sense can tell what happened to the moon. Since the earth is flat and not round (as most crackpots today believe) the moon must have slipped over on the other side of the earth. If we could reach over far enough, you could see the moon.

Yours in the name of science,
Maximilian Vesuvius"

"Editor, the *Times*:

I knew this would happen as a punishment for turning away from religion. It is the punishment from above, just like war, crime, depression, disease, insanity, from smoking, and drinking and short skirts.

Yours truly,
R. P. Blodgett"

Ripley, that day, had a special cartoon with the caption beneath a large illustration of the moon:

Believe it or not! The moon was

not made of green cheese. It was exactly 1,746,983 years old when it passed out. (If you don't believe me, count 'em yourself.)

Walter Winchell in his column in the New York *Mirror* (May 21) reported:

"As your New York Correspondent intimated three moons ago, the Man in the Moon has gone this way about Diana. So the moon has gone pffft since they eloped to Mount Olympus."

The American Philological Association announced through an official spokesman that the disappearance of the moon will undoubtedly necessitate a number of modifications in our language. It is questionable what will become of such words as lunar, lunatic, moonshine, moon, moonstone, moonbeam, moonlight, moon-eyed.

The American Steamship Owners Association issued press releases stating:

"The vanishing of the moon has affected our business adversely. All

moonlight excursions have been cancelled. Since the moon is gone, there is no tide. All we need is faith in American industry and individual enterprise unhampered by government interference and bureaucratic intervention. We believe a government subsidy imperative to counteract losses from the moon's erratic conduct."

But the finishing touch of all came when *Harper's Bazaar*, June 1937, had the quaint note:

Macy's is featuring the sweetest little moon charms (of moonstone and silver) for a mere bagatelle—\$75.

And in contrast, the following editorial appeared in the *New Masses* (June 2, 1937):

"The disappearance of the moon is, in the Marxian analysis, a blessing to the proletariat. No longer can the bourgeois exploiters divert the attention of the masses to their misery by such escapist and opiate tactics as romanticizing the moon."

—IRVING BABOW

THE OLDEST MEMBER



This is the club, children.

The oldest member is talking vehemently.

He is defending our Constitution.

He does not wish to see it changed.

He does not wish to see the country go to the bow-wows.

He has never read the Constitution.

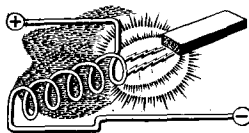
He confuses it vaguely with the Gettysburg address.

But his heart is in the right place.

—O. S. M.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN . . .

A COIL OF WIRE AND A PIECE OF
IRON COMBINE TO RUN OUR WORLD



How many people really appreciate—even to the slightest extent—what goes on around them? By “goes on” we mean the hundreds of mysterious and unbelievable things that take place every time we pick up a telephone, turn on a radio, send a telegram, play a phonograph, go to a “talkie,” hop on a streetcar, flush a toilet, ring a door bell, drive an automobile, take a picture, or, in other words, take advantage of any of the marvels of the Twentieth Century.

We have been spoiled by the scientist, the engineer. They have done everything to make us utterly comfortable—and we have lapped it up. Of how they do it we care little and know less.

What man cares about the carbon granules in front of the tough customer whose voice causes the telephone receiver to say “send up 100 gross C.O.D.?” Who cares about the millions of intricate fluctuations in the photo-electric cell and cone of the loud speaker behind the screen when Clark Gable presses Jean Harlow to his bosom and says “I adore you!”

“After all,” you will say, “why

should I care how things work just as long as they *do* work? I’m no engineer. I’m no mechanic. If the toilet won’t flush properly I can always get a plumber. If the fuse blows out it is a simple matter to call the superintendent of my apartment. If my car gets out of order the garage mechanic will fix it. If my radio goes out of commission I know just where I can get it fixed. This is the age of specialization. I’m a specialist in *my* field and have all that I can do to keep up in it without bothering my head about how things work.”

If that is your argument you are quite right—but you are missing more fun than you can possibly realize. The romance of modern invention and the story of discovery are as thrilling as any book in or outside of your library! Contrary to what you may think, to understand what “goes on” does not require any specialized knowledge of physics or mathematics.

The smallest things—the most insignificant incidents—are usually the most important. It is difficult, for example, to believe that a coil of wire and a piece of iron actually form

the basis of our modern civilization.

On the 20th of April, 1820, a modest little man, whose name you have probably never heard, made the most important discovery of modern times—a discovery that has affected the lives of everyone in the civilized world, and has completely revolutionized the living of nearly two billion people.

On that memorable day, in the University of Copenhagen, Hans Christian Oersted in a lecture to some students, sent an electric current through a wire and showed that this current had a definite effect on the needle of a compass. When there was no current in the wire, the needle pointed north and south, and when current flowed through the wire and the wire was placed directly over the compass, it pointed east and west.

The experiment was not particularly dramatic, nor was the result. The students were not impressed, but the little man with his insatiable curiosity kept on improving his apparatus until he definitely proved to the world that electricity and magnetism were related to one another. It was Hans Christian Oersted who introduced civilization to its most powerful tool—electromagnetism.

Without a coil of wire and a piece of iron—two extremely commonplace articles—we should have no large factories employing millions of men and women. There would be no huge power houses, no electric light, heat or power. There would be no telephone, no radio, no telegraph, no

cables—and, indeed, all present day methods of communication would be put back more than a century.

Since elevators would be impractical without the electric motor, large cities with their tall buildings would not exist, and, of course, there could be no transportation other than the bicycle, and the old horse and buggy.

The combination of the coil of wire and piece of iron forms what is known as an electromagnet—the most important invention since the discovery of the wheel in ancient times.

The average housewife who has never heard of an electromagnet would suffer untold inconveniences if it went out of the life she never knew it was in. Without this little device, there could be no doorbell, no vacuum cleaner, no electric refrigerator, no washing machine, no electric fan, no electric iron and no electric household devices of any kind.

Now, what is an electric magnet?

Everyone knows what a permanent magnet is. It usually comes in the shape of a horseshoe. We can all recall our childhood days when we used to pick up nails, needles and other small pieces of steel with this horseshoe magnet. It was always on the job—always a magnet and never anything but a magnet. This fact makes it relatively unimportant—it's a good toy and that's about all. The value of an electromagnet is the fact that we can make it a magnet at will.

Suppose I take a piece of iron which is not a magnet and wind a

coil of wire around it. I shall have what is known as an electromagnet, for, while it will not be magnetic after I finish winding the coil of wire around it, it will be a magnet the instant I send an electric current through the coil of wire! This means that if I have this coil of wire which is wound around a piece of iron connected to a battery, which, in turn, is connected to a make-and-break contact, the instant that I close the circuit and send current through the coil of wire, the iron becomes a strong magnet, and the instant that I break the circuit and shut the current off, the iron loses its magnetism.

Now, you can see that if I have an electromagnet in New York connected with a key, push button and battery in Chicago, as soon as I press down the key in Chicago and send current through the wires, I can actually *move* something in New York. I can pick up a nail or a needle or a piece of steel and can hold it against the magnet in New York just as long as I keep the key pressed down in Chicago. The instant that I release the key in Chicago, the nail drops in New York.

There aren't many people in Chicago who would be interested in picking up nails or needles in New York by pressing a key, but if the nail or needle takes the form of a steel plate, and it clicks every time it is drawn to a magnet and clicks again when the current is released, you can readily see that an important means of com-

munication results. I can produce a series of clicks—some long and some short, in New York, merely by tapping long and short intervals on my key in Chicago.

The telegraph is only one of the hundreds of important inventions based on the electromagnet.

Let us look at a few more. If you unscrew the end of a telephone receiver, you will find a tiny electromagnet close up against a metal disc. Without it, there could be no telephone and no electrical sound reproduction.

The electric bell is just an electromagnet which attracts an arm, at the end of which is a metal ball. Each time the arm is attracted to the magnet the ball hits a gong and "rings the bell." Each time it is released it springs back in such a way as to connect the circuit, make the electromagnet a magnet again and be attracted all over again.

The dynamo is really nothing more than a large wheel which is made to rotate between the opposite poles of a large powerful electromagnet. The principle is extremely simple, although the actual application and technical development is complicated.

Suppose you had a very large electromagnet in the shape of an inverted horseshoe, and suppose this magnet were so large that you could walk between the two legs or poles. You can readily see that a strong electric current would cause a tremendous attraction between these

two large poles, and consequently, the air between these poles would be heavily charged with magnetism. Now suppose that instead of walking through these poles, you took a steel crowbar, and tried to move it up and down between the poles. Obviously, you would have a most difficult job, since the attraction of the steel for either pole would be enormous. The energy that you would have to exert to overcome this pull would be considerable.

Bearing all this in mind, and knowing that energy is indestructible—that it exists in one form or the other, you can see that if a mechanical means were devised to move a steel rod or crowbar up and down rapidly between the poles of a magnet, the energy required to do this would necessarily be changed into a different form. This is precisely what happens—mechanical energy is transformed into electrical energy. By moving this bar up and down between the poles of this magnet, an electric current is immediately set up in the bar. The strength of that electric current depends upon the strength of the magnet, and the number of times you move it up and down, and the speed with which you move it.

If instead of a bar moving up and down we could arrange to have ten or fifteen bars move up and down, we would get a current in each one of those bars and could collect that current in a steady stream. If we had a hundred or two hundred bars, the

stream would be steadier and stronger. If the bars are mounted on the rim of a wheel and connected with a metal brush at the axis of the wheel, and the wheel is rotated rapidly, the current set up in each bar will be collected by the brush at the axle. This current can be lead away through wires and used. This is precisely the principle of the dynamo, where a heavy wheel with thousands and thousands of small wires rotates at a high speed between the two poles of an electromagnet. A continuous current is developed. This is the current that you use in all your household devices. It is the current that supplies the light and power to large cities.

The motor is nothing but a dynamo reversed—instead of rotating a wheel between the poles of a magnet, by mechanical means, we send current into the wheel and it automatically rotates. The theory is rather involved and is based upon the attraction of unlike poles and the repulsion of like poles. By sending a current into the wheel, we make half of it positive and the other half negative. The positive half is always trying to get near the negative pole of the electromagnet, and the negative half is always trying to get near the positive pole of the electromagnet. By continually changing the negative half to positive, and the positive half to negative, in rapid succession according to known rules of electricity, the wheel keeps rotating. Simple?

—JEROME MEYER



WANDA GAG

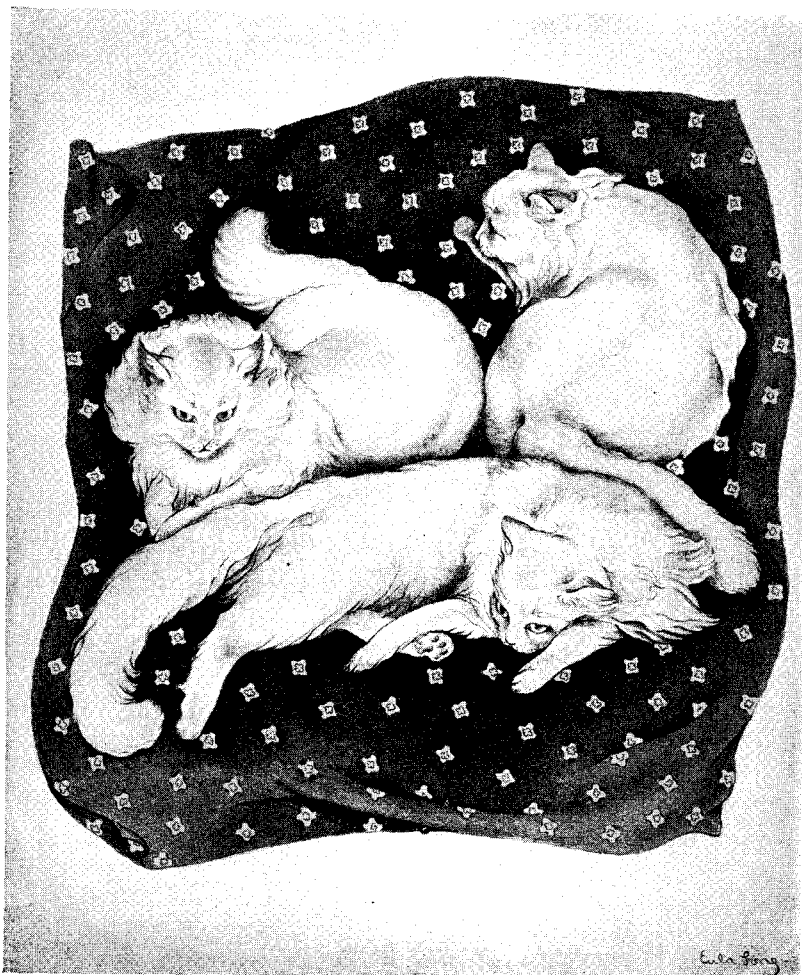
THIRTEEN CATS BY FIVE WOMEN

THE elfin cats of Wanda Gag, who did a book called *Millions of Cats*, the sensuous silken-soft cats of Eula Long, Agnes Tait's inscrutable creatures with well-deep eyes, Peggy Bacon's unprincipled sneak-thief, Mabel Dwight's mysterious night-prowler—here are several aspects of the many-sided character of man's most complex pet. Once out of kittenhood there is something of the lynx or the leopard in the noncommittal

gaze of even the tamest of tabbies. No small part of the cat's unending fascination for humans is this wary sense of never-completely-conquered hostility. Dogs, in their wordless speech with their masters, are forever saying "Thank you"; cats never. With virtually all dogs, as with almost all men, friendship is an attainable goal if earnestly desired. But with most cats, as with some women, friendship is impossible—there can be only love or hate.

APRIL, 1937

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EULA LONG

THREE SISTERS

CORONET

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Eula Long

EULA LONG

PET CAT

APRIL, 1937

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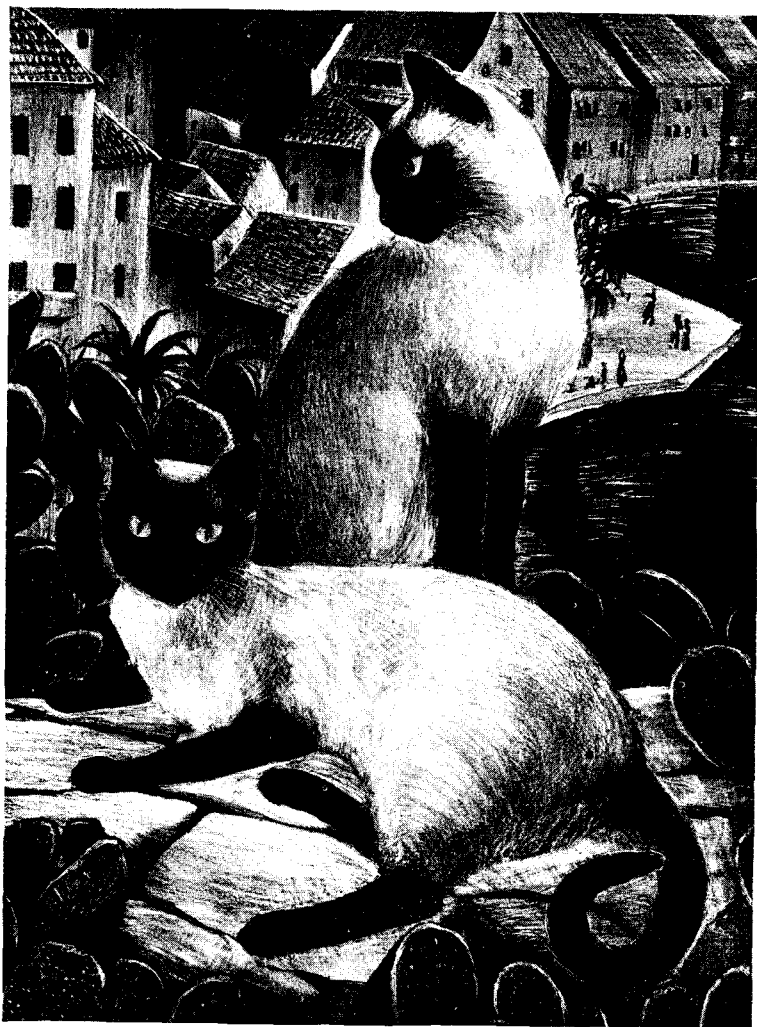


AGNES TAIT

VANITY

CORONET

50



AGNES TAIT

SAILOR'S CATS

APRIL, 1937

51



PEGGY BACON

FOR A GOOD DOG

CORONET

52



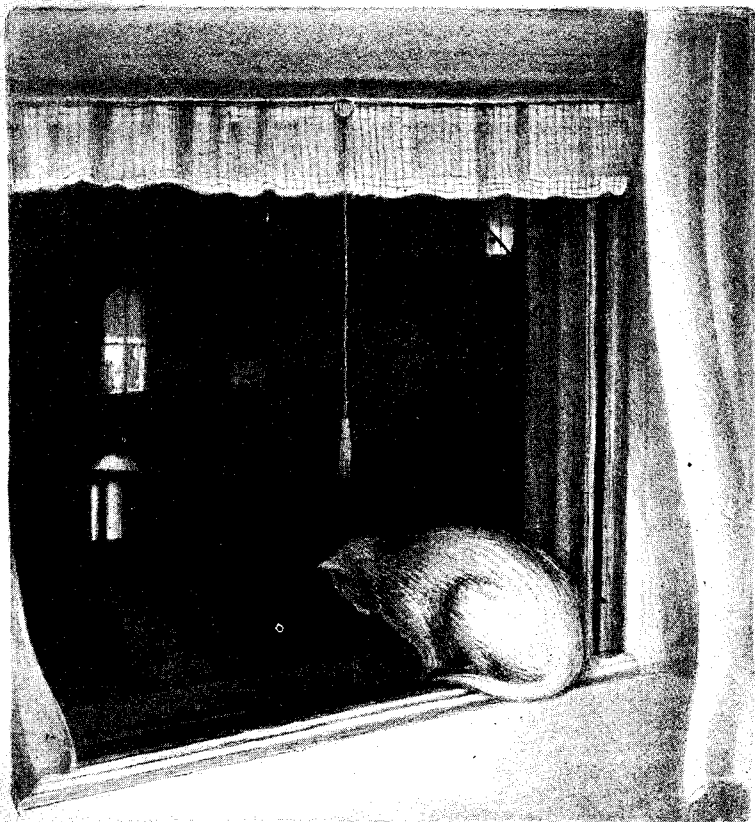
AGNES TAIT

WANT OUT

APRIL, 1937

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MABEL DWIGHT

CAT ON WINDOW

(PAGES 47-54 COURTESY WEYHE GALLERIES, N. Y.)

CORONET

54

TALKING PICTURES

PROGRAM-NOTES ON A FEW OF THE
PHOTOGRAPH PAGES IN THIS ISSUE



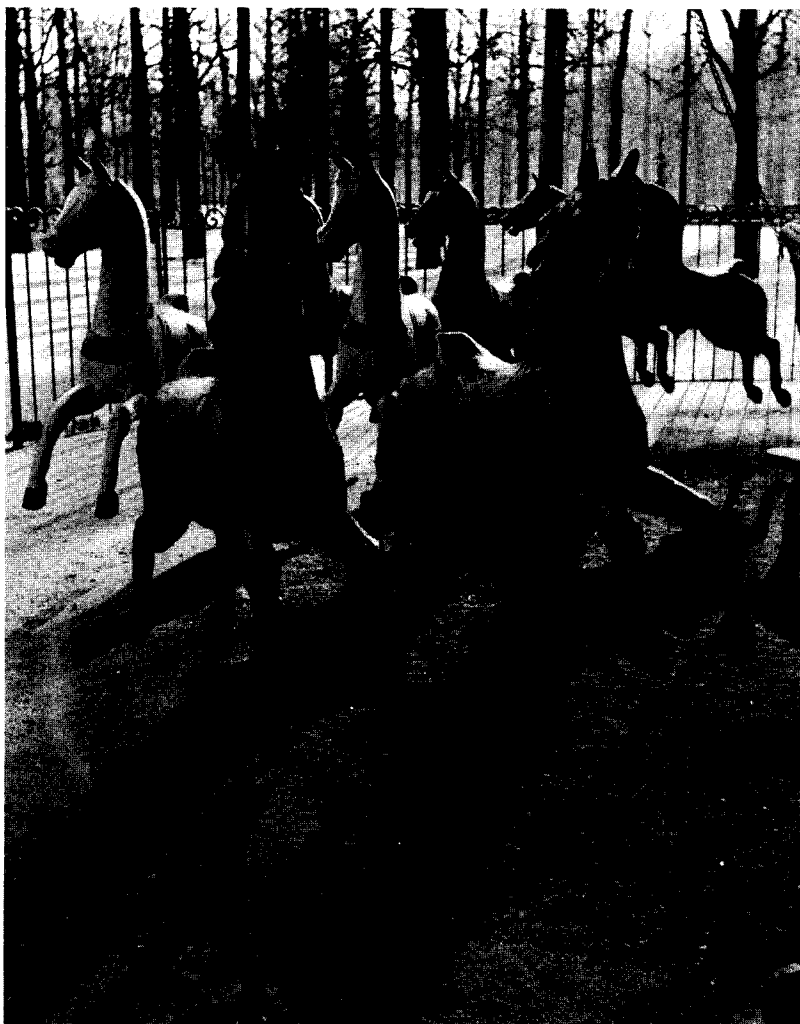
WILD HORSES on page 56 is remarkable for the manner in which André Durand has "lost" the merry-go-round's steel uprights against the background of trees. In the two *Canal* studies on 58 and 59, Dame Nature goes "modernist," the crazy curves and angles of the water's reflection being sobered only by small areas of staid, stay-put, brick. One of the masterful "crowd-pattern" pictures for which Ernő Vadas of Budapest has become world-famous is on 60. André Steiner, another Hungarian although a Paris resident, has achieved in *Siesta*, on 63, one of those peculiarly satisfying compositions that may be studied with equal interest from all four sides. *Duet*, on 70, should not be passed without noting that Manuel Komroff's most famous novel shares its title with this magazine. Note, too, Vermeer-like quality, both in the pose and the lighting, of *Sunday Dress*, opposite.

The portfolio beginning on 111 introduces the work of an amazingly talented Hungarian in his early twenties, André Dienes, currently of Paris but with one eye on New York.

The whole group of Studies beginning on 120 and continuing through 129 demands comment, from the light-glorified hair of Sheckell's *Flame*, the lyrical arrangement of the curved lines in Steiner's full page composition opposite, the mediaeval glow, like a primitive painting or a stained-glass window in Booth's *Modern Madonna*, the dramatic shock of Steiner's strange blending of affirmation and negation in *Death and the Maiden*, the striking effect of high-and-low-key contrast between Gittings' *Breath of Dawn*, delicate as dew, and Sheckell's *Evening Star*, lustrous as velvet, then Szöllösy's *Lorelei* like a Wagnerian Rhinemaiden, Ruth Bernhard's dreamy mystic bridal *Mask*, Steiner's sculpturesque *Etude de Nu*, to Bruno's almost saintly calm *Portrait*.

In the Strange group, Weston's *Embrace* on 132 is a pepper, while *Elephant* on 133 is a turnip, while Schnall's *Eye* seems pure surrealism but is a "straight" photograph without tricks. The four branch-and-twigg "statues" on 138-141 have been trimmed but not carved or otherwise touched up.

APRIL, 1937



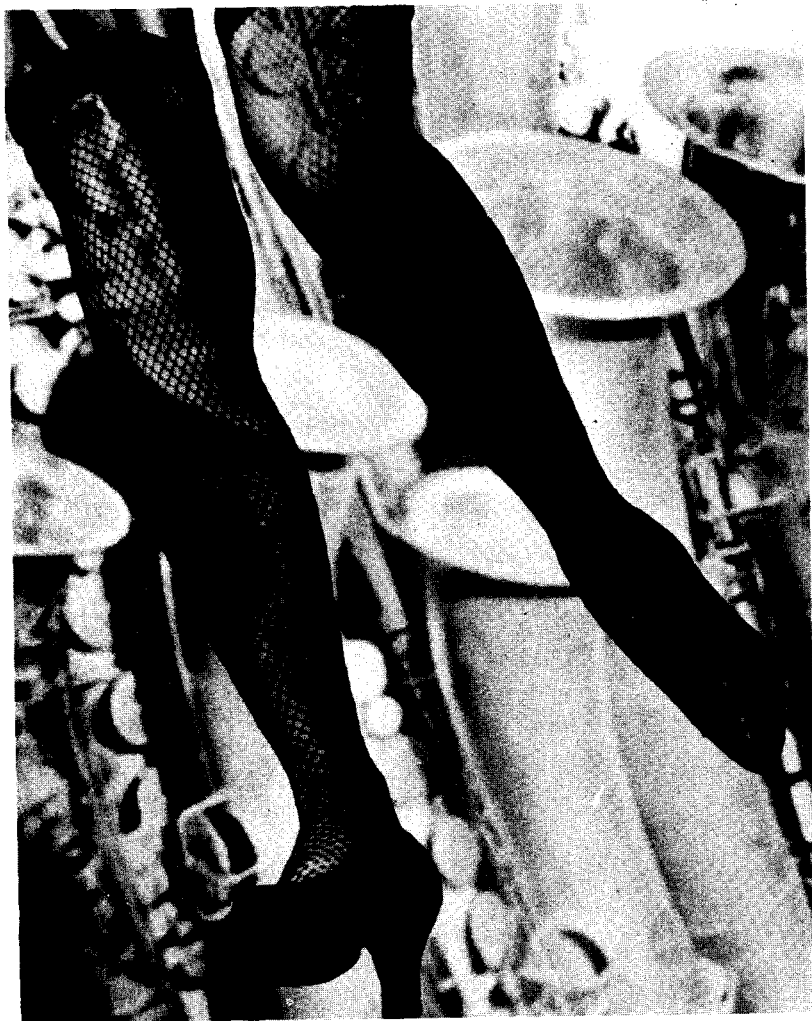
ANDRÉ DURAND

PARIS

WILD HORSES

CORONET

56



FRANK EHRENFORD

NEW YORK

JAZZ

APRIL, 1937

57



BENNEKOM-AMSTERDAM

EUROPEAN PHOTO

CANAL I

CORONET

58



BENNEKOM-AMSTERDAM

EUROPEAN PHOTO

CANAL II

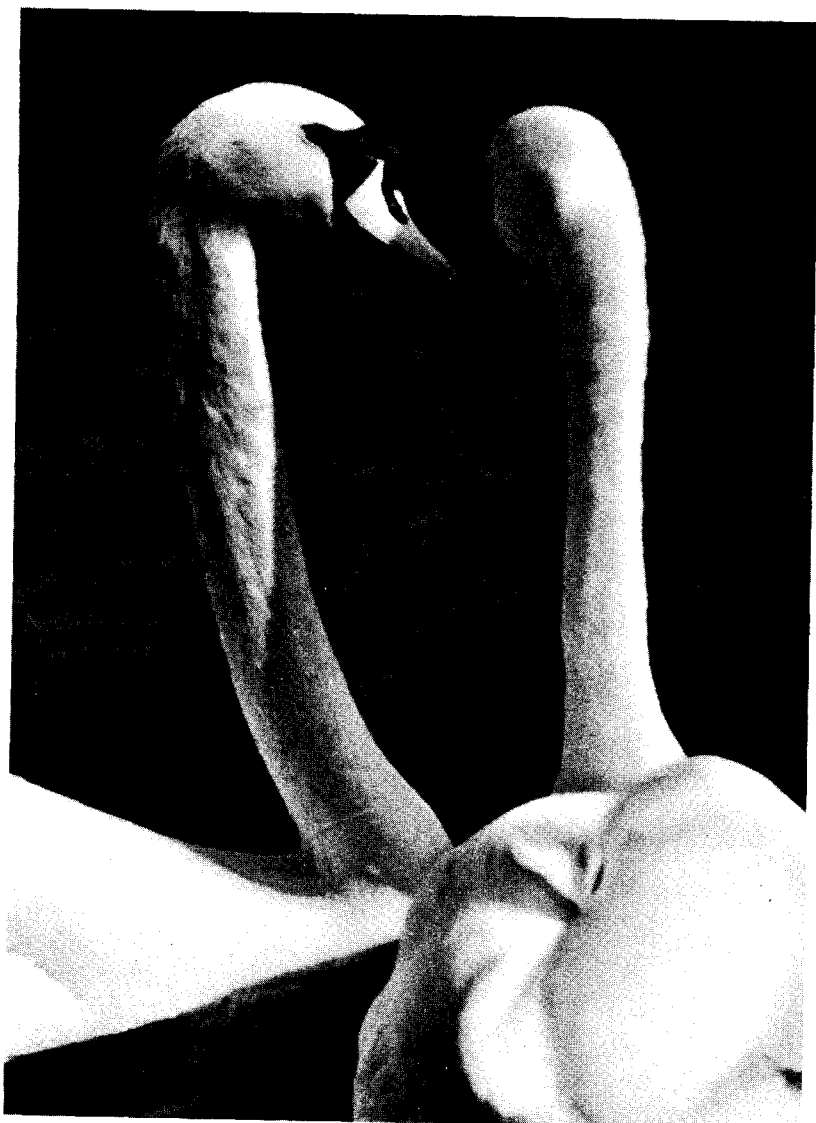
APRIL, 1937

59



ERNŐ VADAS, BUDAPEST

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ANDRÉ DIENES

PARIS

ROMANCE

APRIL, 1937

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ANDRÉ DIENES

PARIS

RIP CORD

CORONET

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ANDRÉ STEINER

PARIS

SIESTA

APRIL, 1937

63



MIKLÓS TOLNAI

BUDAPEST

FARING...

CORONET

64

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MIHÁLY EKE

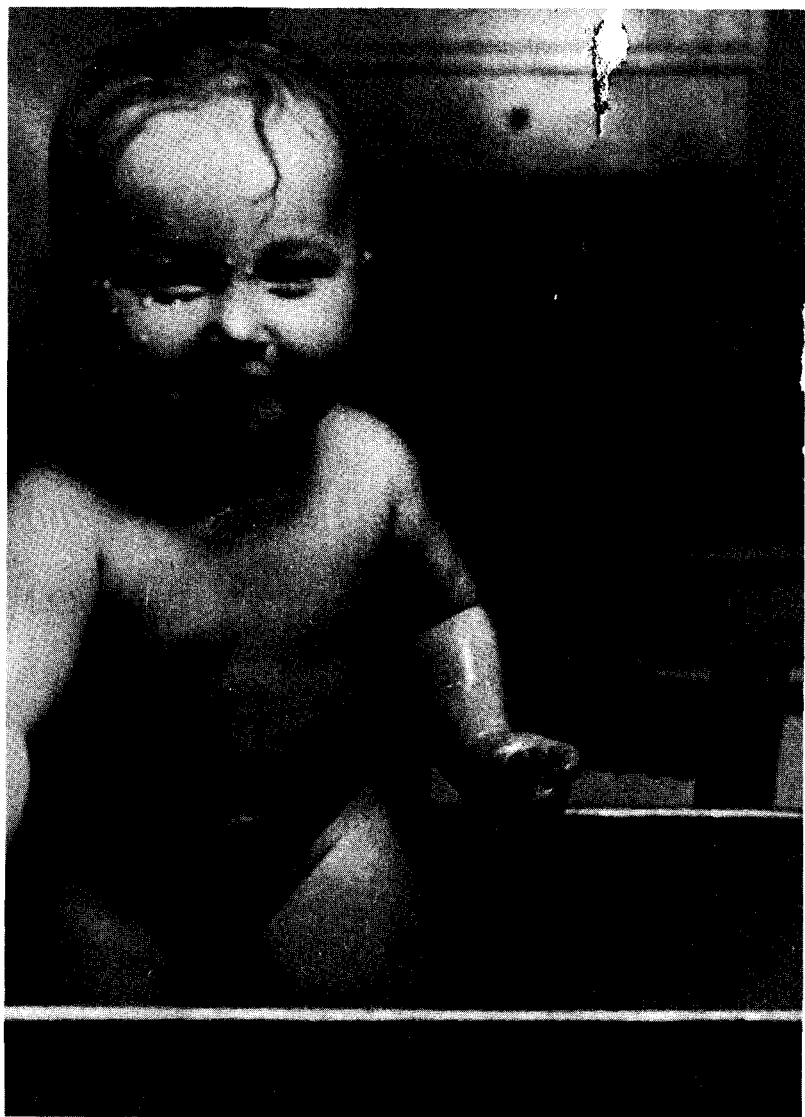
BUDAPEST

... FORTH

APRIL, 1937

65

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ANDRÉ STEINER

PARIS

BATH

CORONET

66

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ANTE KORNIČ

LJUBLJANA, JUGOSLAVIA

TASTE

APRIL, 1937

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ERNÖ VADAS

BUDAPEST

MILKMAN

CORONET

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GYULA RAMHAB

BUDAPEST

END OF DAY

APRIL, 1937

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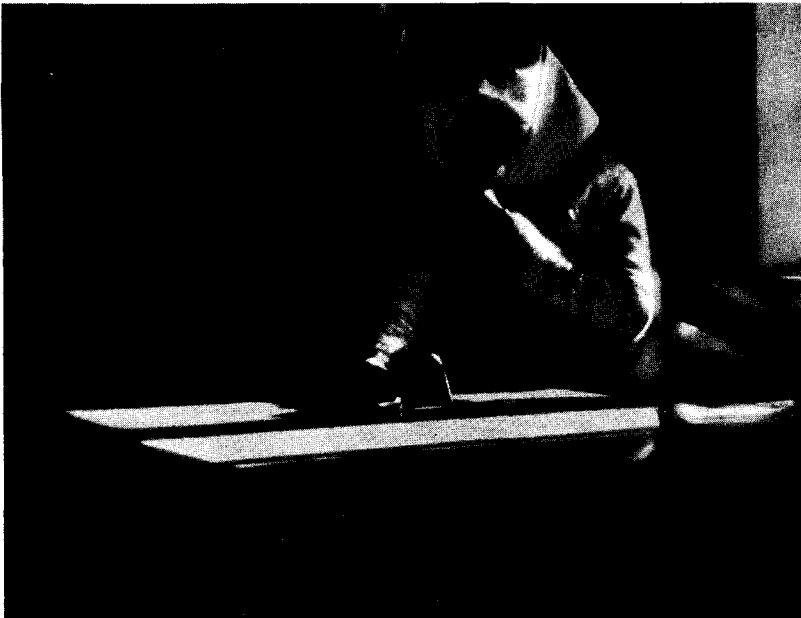
MANUEL KOMROFF

NEW YORK

DUET

CORONET

70



VOŠTA ČENĚK

KOŠICE, CZECHOSLOVAKIA

SUNDAY DRESS

APRIL, 1937

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ERNŐ VADAS

BUDAPEST

FOR PENNIES

CORONET

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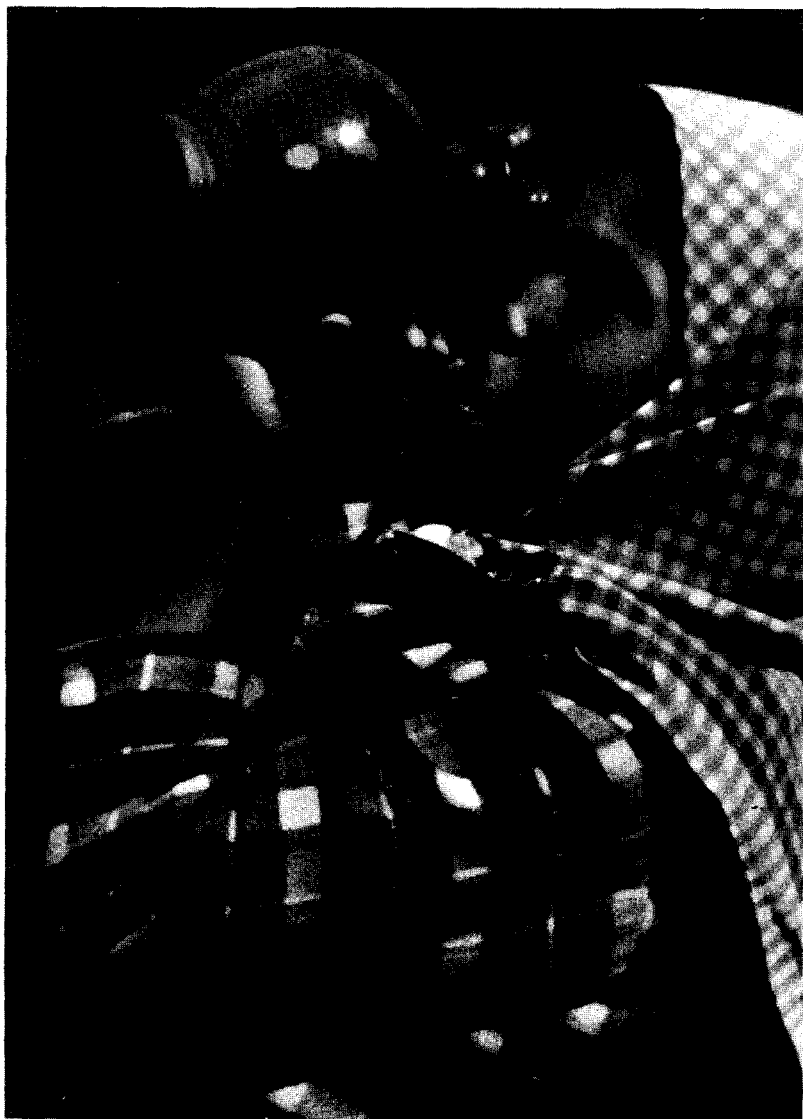
BALÓGH

EUROPEAN PHOTO

FOR LIFE

APRIL, 1937

73



GYULA RAMHAB

BUDAPEST

JUG

CORONET

74



ERNŐ VADAS

BUDAPEST

BOTTLE

APRIL, 1937

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VŮSTA ČENĚK

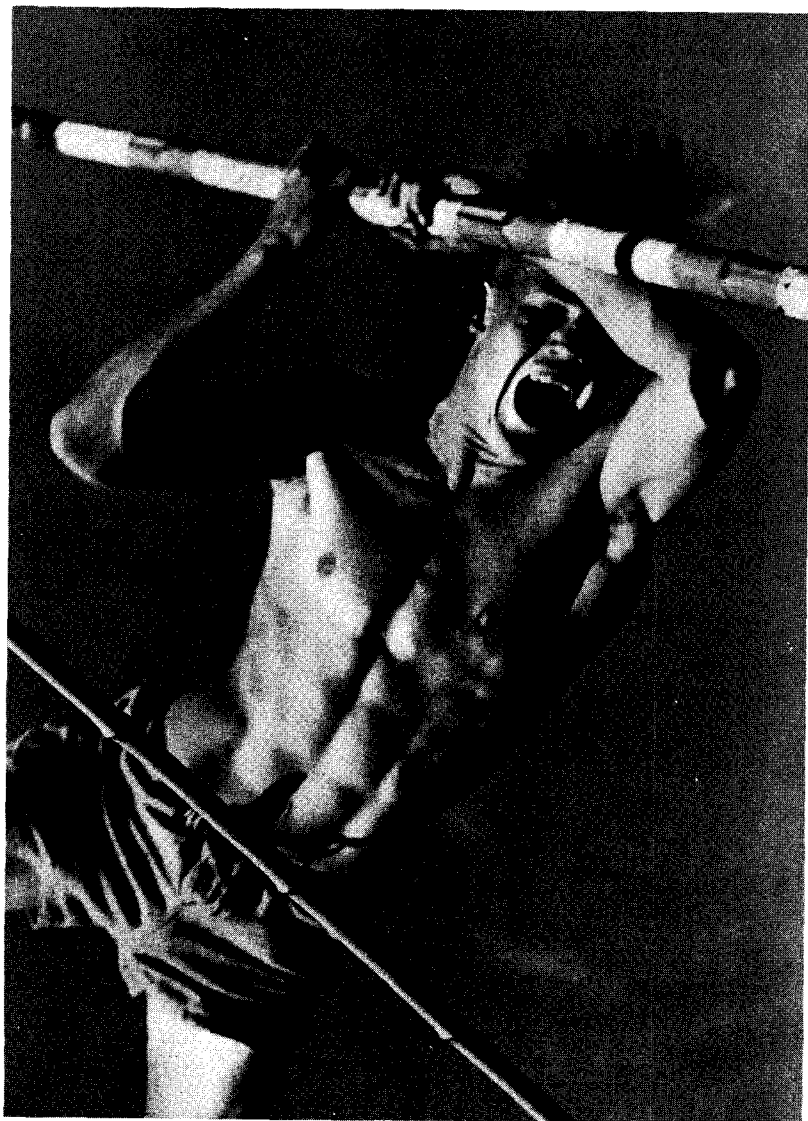
KOŠICE, CZECHOSLOVAKIA

BETROTHAL

CORONET

76

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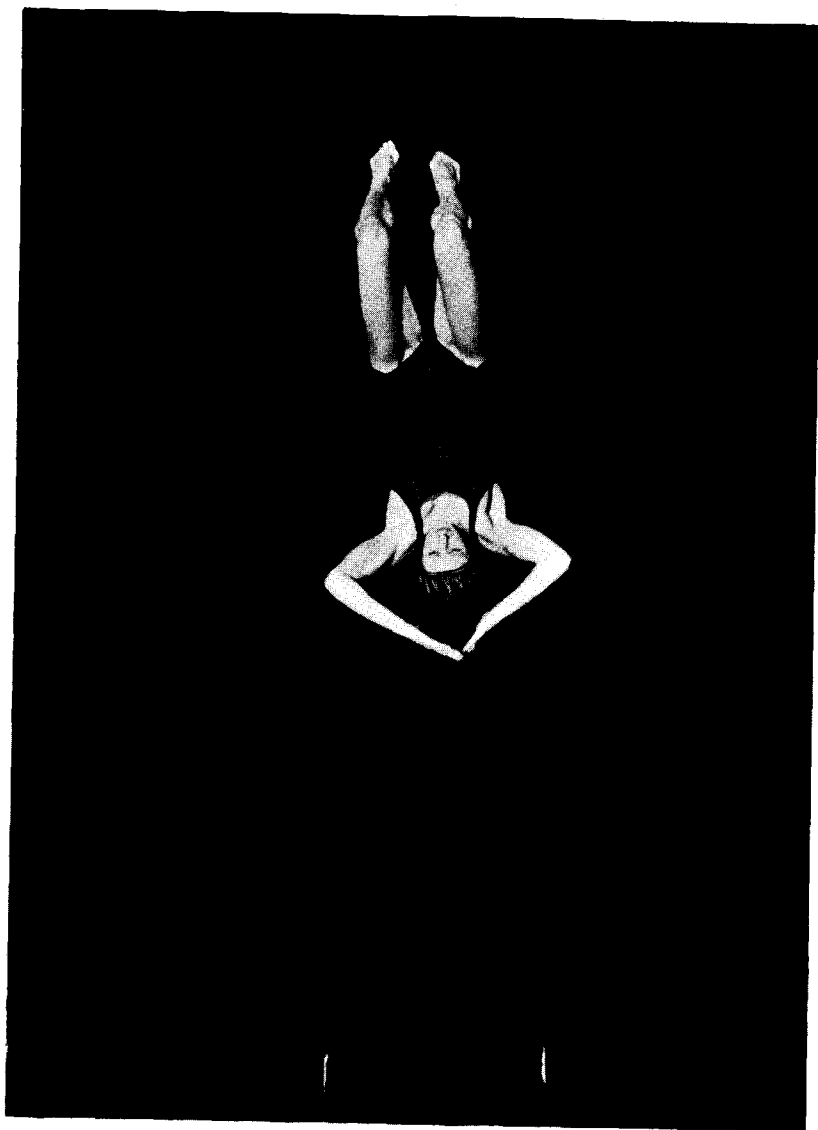
MAURICE J. SCHLATTER

PASADENA, CALIF.

OVER THE BAR

CORONET

78



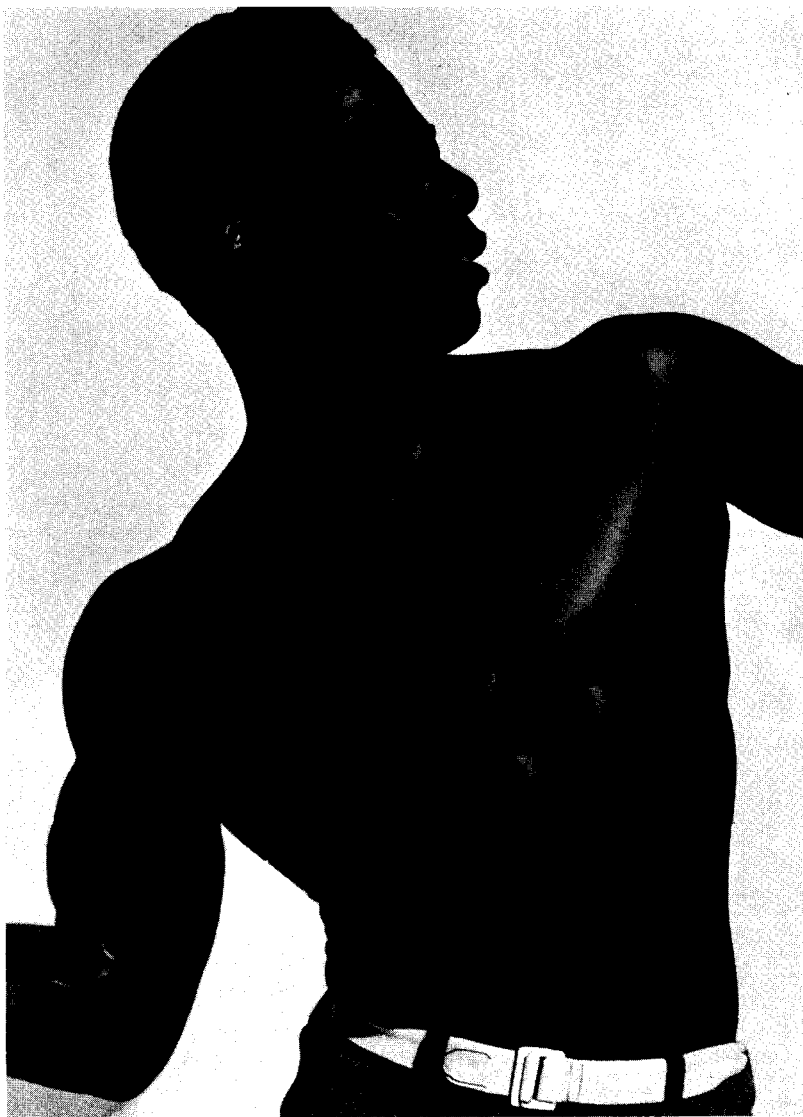
ANDRÉ STEINER

PARIS

GAINER

APRIL, 1937

79



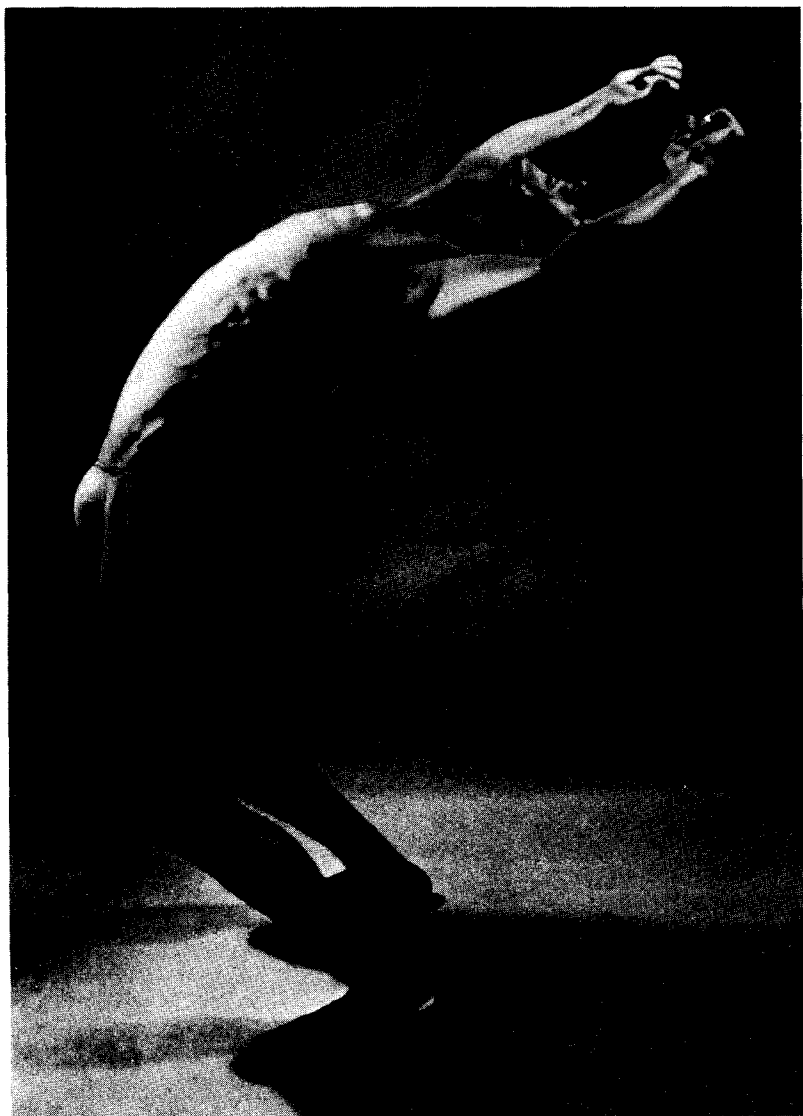
PIERRE-ADAM

PARIS

MAN FROM MARTINIQUE

CORONET

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ANDRÉ STEINER

PARIS

CALISTHENICS

APRIL, 1937

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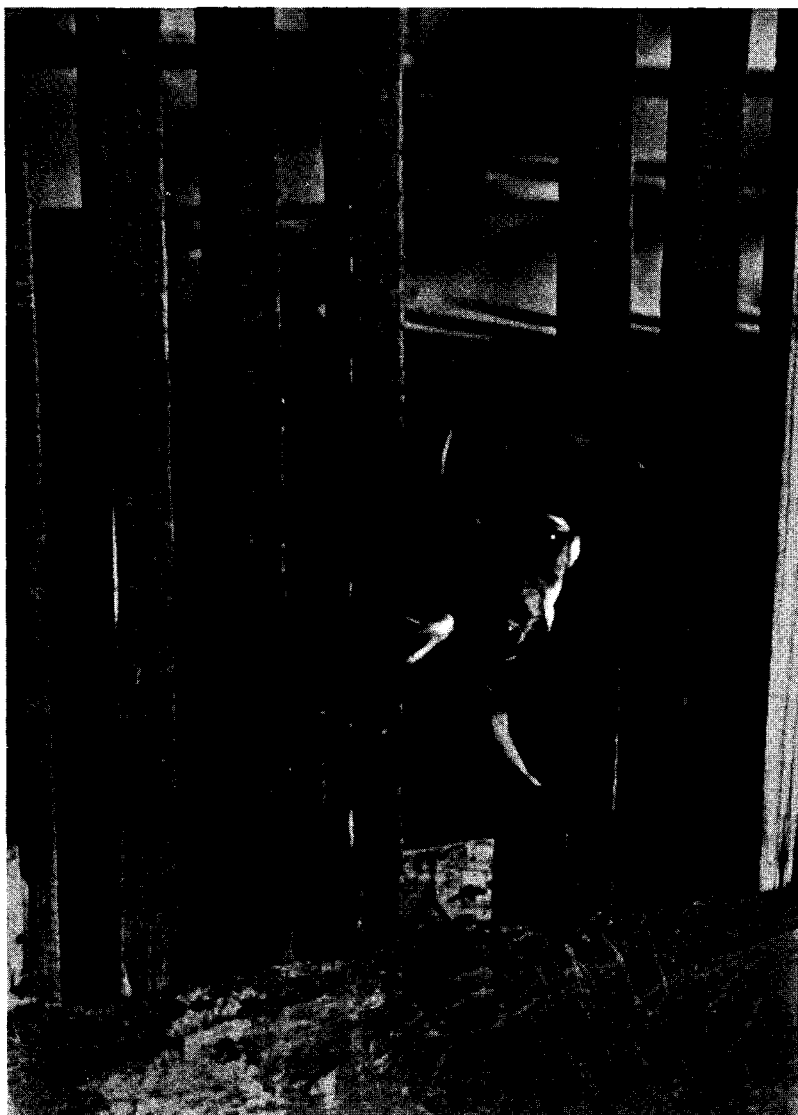
KÁROLY KLETZ

MISKOLC, HUNGARY

HUNGARIAN HORSEMAN

CORONET

82



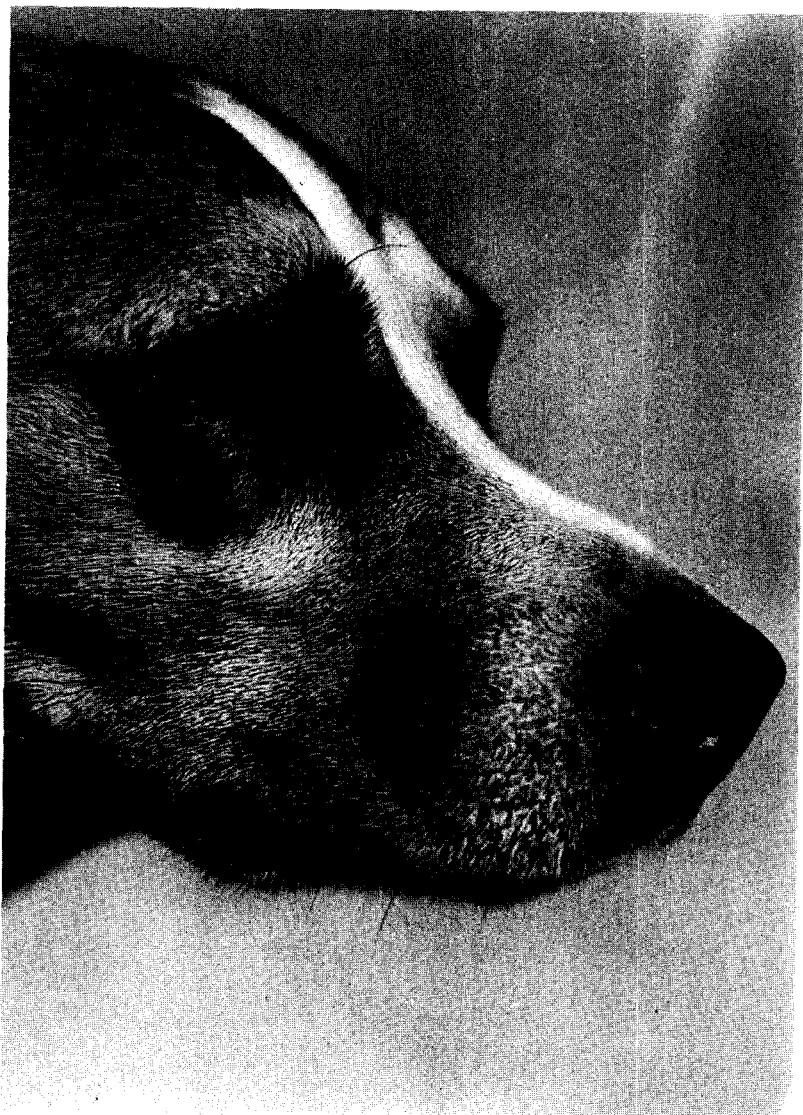
WESTELIN

CHICAGO

STYMIE

APRIL, 1937

83



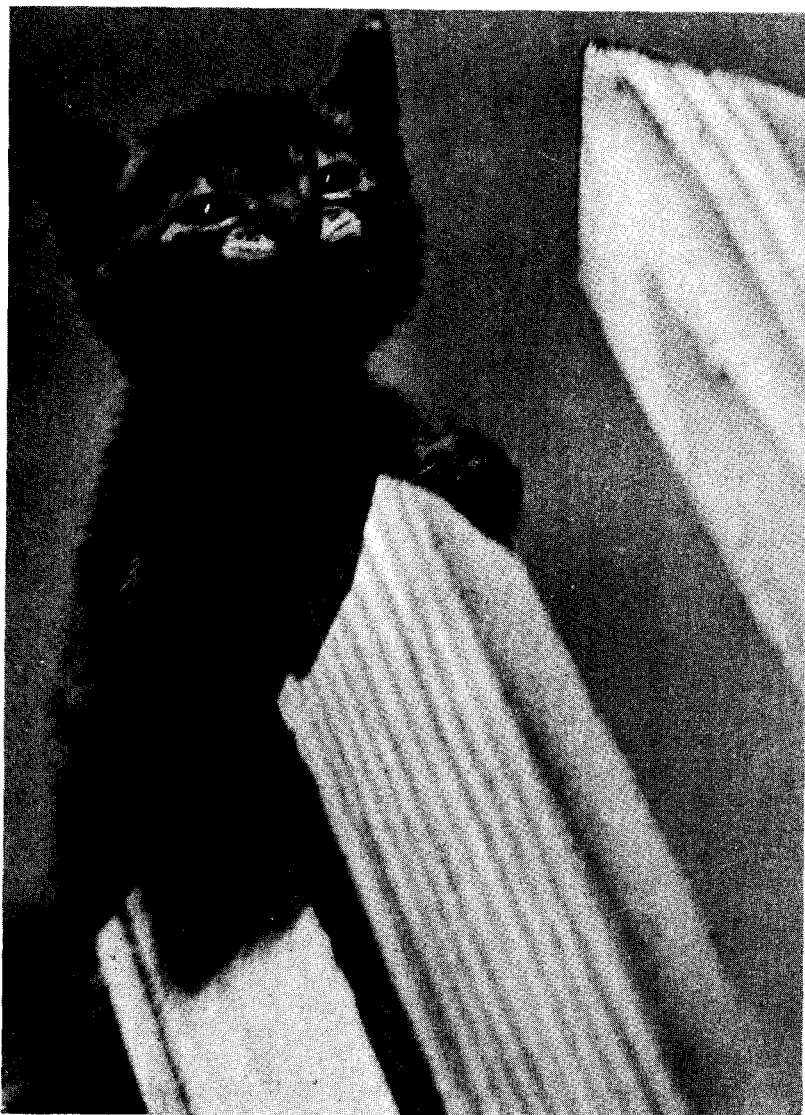
ORVILLE LOGAN SNIDER

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.

MONGREL

CORONET

84



HEGYEI-SCHULZ

LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.

TIMID LAUGH

APRIL, 1937

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HOLY ROMAN HERO

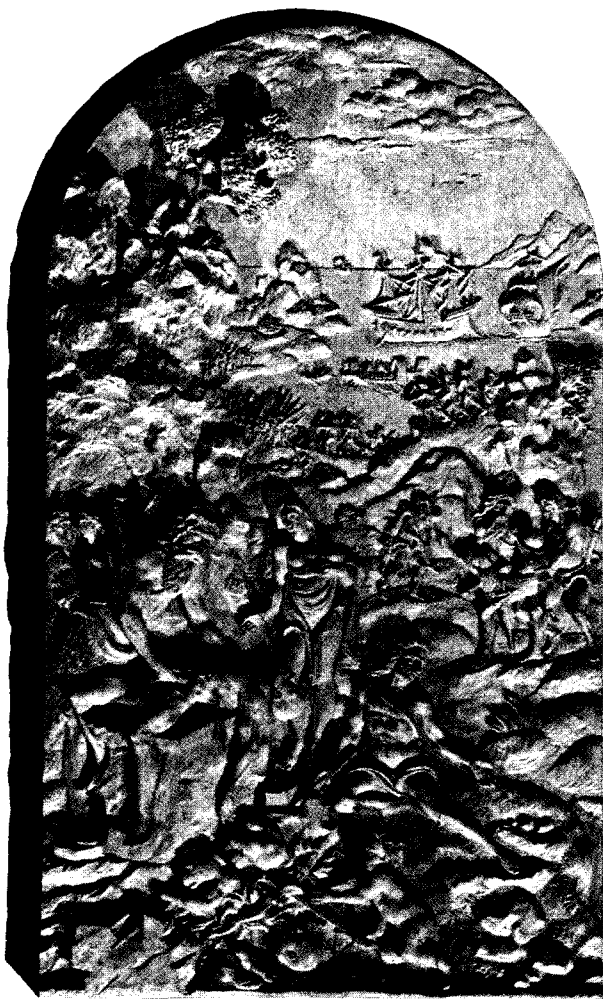
A NOTE ON THE GREATEST EMPEROR
IN THE HISTORY OF THE HAPSBURGS



TEXT BOOKS teem with the high deeds of Charles V, but to the folk mind today, without benefit of cinema, he is a dim figure beside his English uncle, Henry VIII. But he was bigger in every way—Charles Laughton should play *him*. His drinking day began at five in the morning when he would reach out onto his sill for the great draught of ale he kept cooling there overnight. Throughout the long day he would eat heavy dinners as light lunches, for instance, roast mutton followed by huge slices of hare followed by more hare, braised, followed by chicken. All gulped. His teeth didn't meet properly, so he never bothered to try to use them for chewing, only for tearing. Those little four-meat-course snacks he hardly counted. At midnight he liked to wash down a real meal with five quarts of Rhenish wine. He slept badly. He had gout practically from boyhood. His favorite tune, appropriately, was a ditty called *Thousand Regrets*. He was not without taste: his favorite painter was Titian. But he wrote up his own campaigns in a dreary aping of the style of Caesar's *De Bello Gallico*.

He complained that he had never wanted to be a soldier, but fought his first war at fifteen, fought somebody somewhere every year of his reign. He fought Martin Luther whom he admired as a man but hated on principle. He fought the Pope whom he admired on principle but hated as a man. He fought the King of France whom he hated on both counts. He fought the Turk because it was the thing to do. He won all his battles, lost all his wars. His vast Empire was creaking ominously when he relinquished his kingly crowns at fifty-five to his son Philip, his Imperial crown at fifty-seven to his brother Ferdinand. His great lusty bulk disease racked, he felt old, sick, tired. He joked feebly when a courtier handed him a sealed letter: "What kind of man would I be to break a lance with now, who can't even break a letter?" Abdicating, he said, "Of a loving sort of subjects never has any prince had the government." It could have been true without meaning much. His troops had ravaged all Europe accomplishing nothing. That was normal in those days.

—A. G.

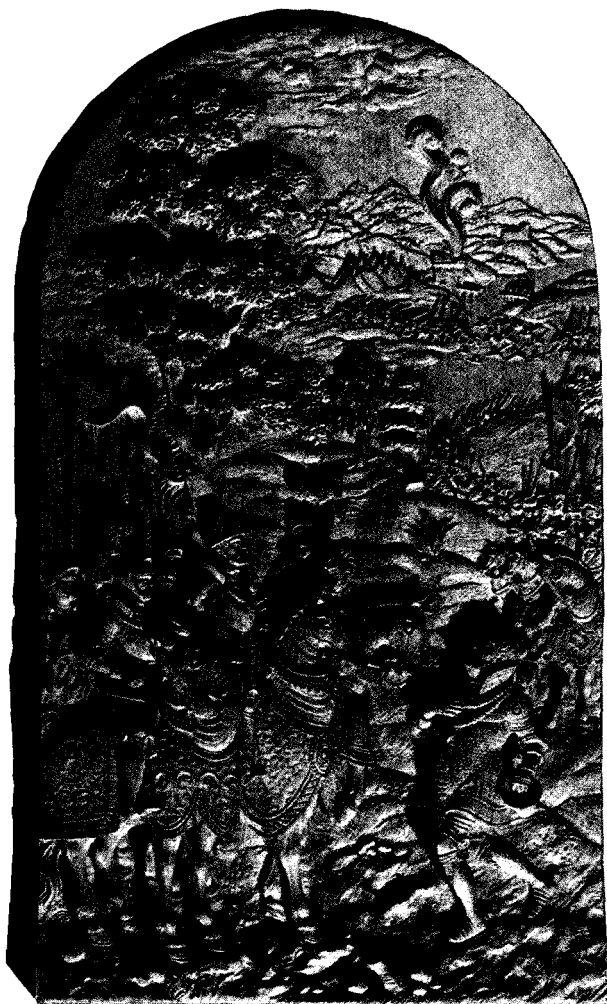


KUNSTHISTORISCHES MUSEUM, VIENNA

SCENES FROM THE CAMPAIGN . . .

In July 1534 Hayredin, the pirate prince, set out from the Golden Horn for the Italian coast on a rampage. He tried to seize Italy's most beautiful Countess, Giulia Gonzaga, for the seraglio of his Sultan. Furious when she eluded him, he massacred, pillaged and burned.

APRIL, 1937



... THAT MADE THE EMPEROR CHARLES V ...

Everywhere Hayredin went he put to the sword all Christians whom he did not carry off as slaves. All Europe trembled with the terrible Turk at its gates. In the name of the Sultan Suleiman he seized Tunis whose King, Muley Hassan, appealed to the mighty Emperor Charles V.



... THE HERO OF ALL CHRISTENDOM ...

In June 1535 Charles set sail from Palermo with troops from Spain and Germany in an armada of 300 ships. He besieged the Goletta (twin towers guarding the channel) for three days with heavy artillery, then carried it by storm. Charles pressed on toward Tunis twelve miles away.

APRIL, 1937

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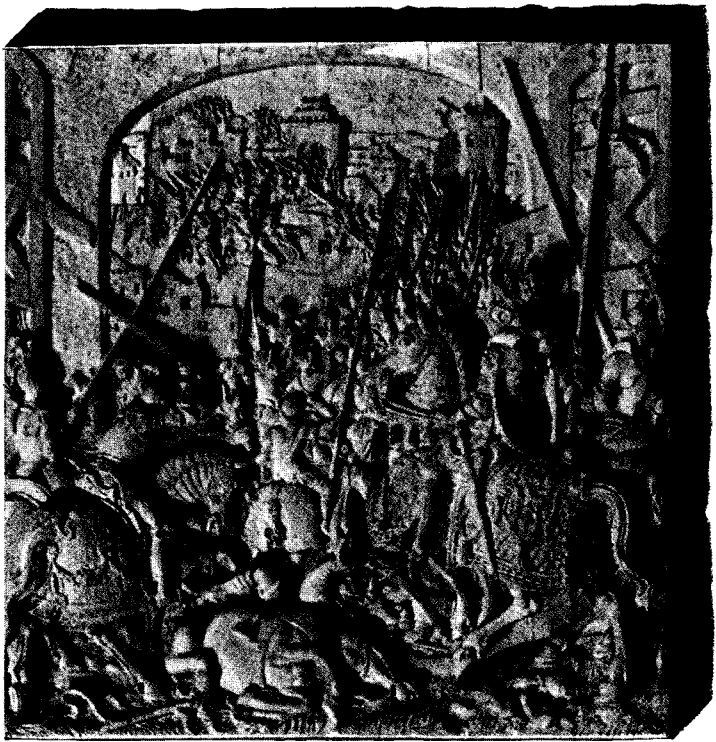


... AND WON HIM HIS EPITAPH ...

Hayreddin with 100,000 men advanced to meet the Emperor's 30,000 troops who were suffering from the unaccustomed heat. But the thousands of Christian slaves whom Hayreddin had left unguarded in the citadel of Tunis arose and he was caught between two fires. He was quickly routed.

CORONET

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“LO, I AM CHARLES WHO . . .

Tunis fell, as much from the efforts of the Christian slaves within as of the Emperor's troops without its walls. In fact, the Emperor was invited in as the town's liberator. Once inside, he sacked the city because, by his own account, he couldn't disappoint his loot-hungry troops.

APRIL, 1937

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... SMOTE THE FRENCHMAN DOWN ...

Having satisfied all the appetites of his rapacious mercenaries, Charles restored Tunis to its king, Muley Hassan, from whom he received an oath of fealty. The campaign had taken 21 days. Charles recorded that it was preceded by his fourth, followed by his fifth, attack of gout.

CORONET

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... ROUTED THE TURK AND ...

Charles was hailed on his triumphant return through Italy as the savior of Europe. But, as his mercenaries lived by wanton pillage wherever they went, the Italians found it hard to choose between the attacks of the marauding Turks and the "defense" of the Imperial troops.

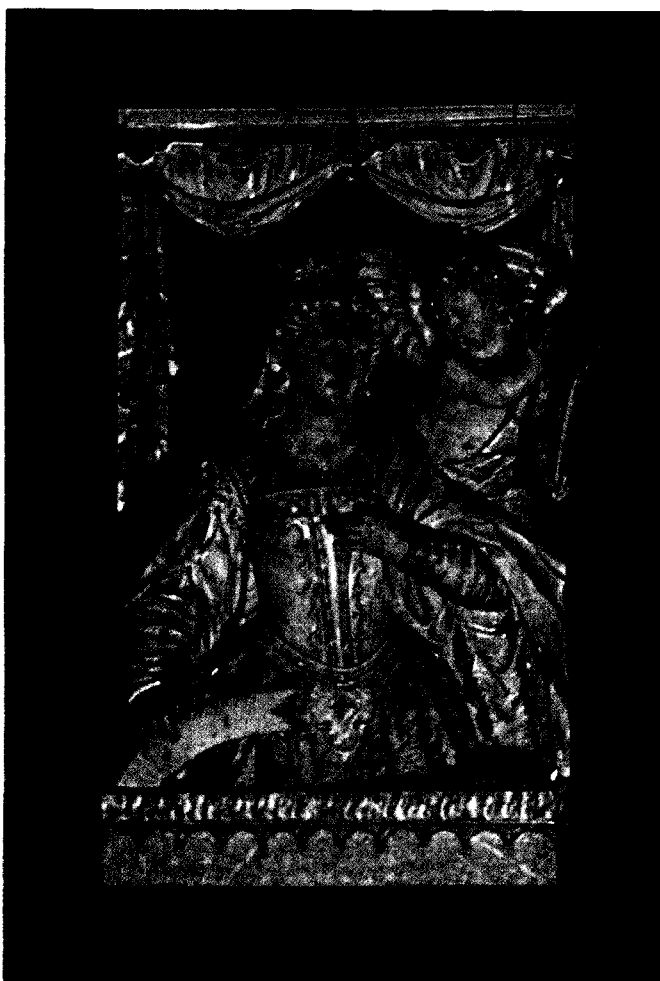
APRIL, 1937

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... CAPTURED TUNIS TOWN"

According to a contemporary chronicler it was after the triumph over Tunis that Charles first thought of abdicating (400 years before it occurred to another king-emperor) because it was "at that hour of success that he detected the first streak of silver in his light chestnut locks."

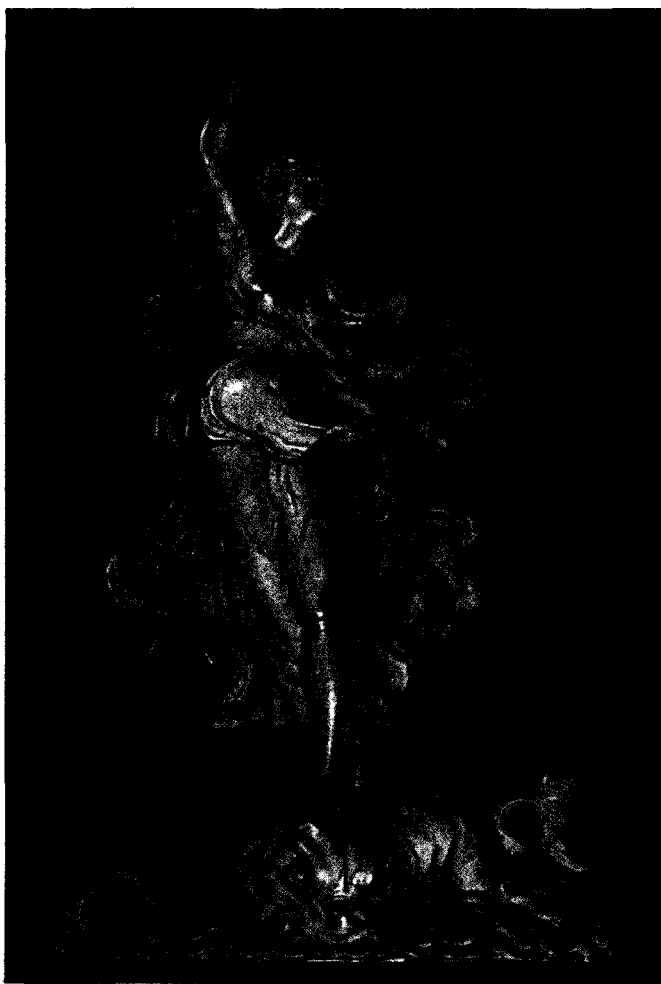


'T WAS A HOLY CENTURY . . .

The time of Charles V was the time of Martin Luther and the first note of discord in the previously harmonious choir of Europe's religious belief. Never were "faith and belief" such fighting words as in the Sixteenth Century, the period of constant religious wars.

APRIL, 1937

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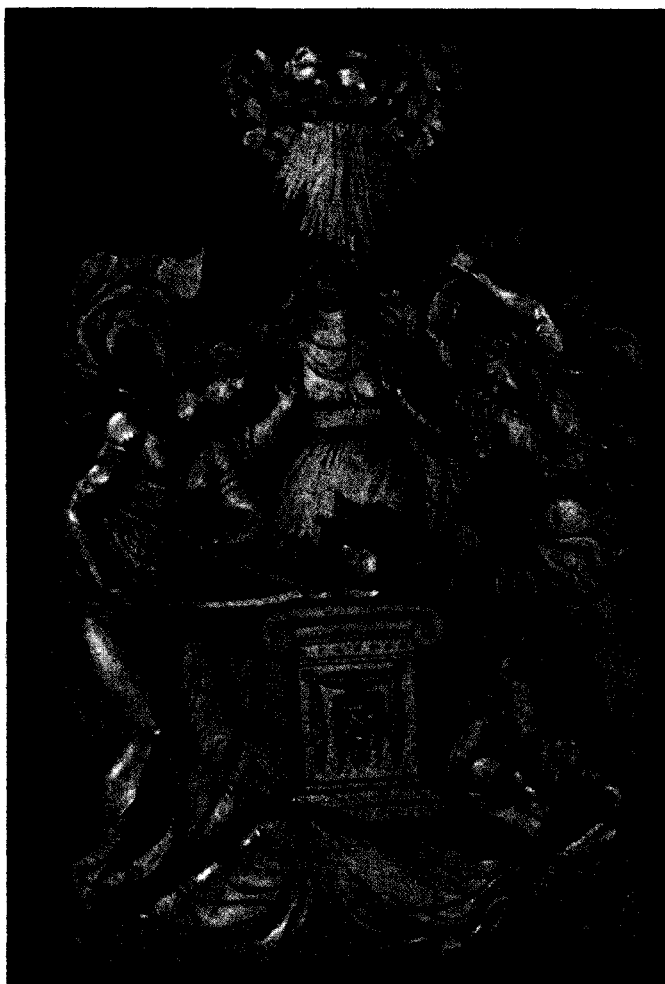


... OF CONSTANT WARFARE ...

Luther, as a man, was the virile type Charles V most admired, but Luther the theologian was away over the Emperor's head. Charles, the Holy Roman Emperor, fought the Lutheran princes, when he was not too busy fighting the Catholic King of France or the Pope!

CORONET

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... AND OF BREAKING HEARTS ...

Charles, ruler of a broader realm than Charlemagne, fought to hold the Spaniards, Germans, Dutch and Italians together in his Holy Roman Empire, despite race and language differences. But neither he nor his dreaded Inquisition could weld Catholics and Protestants.

APRIL, 1937

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... BUT 'T WAS A HOLY CENTURY

Although the Reformation had been born of a desire for tolerance, never was there a century when intolerance, on the part of believers and dissenters alike, went to worse extremes. Princes chose their religion, then enforced it with sword and torch and torture-rack.

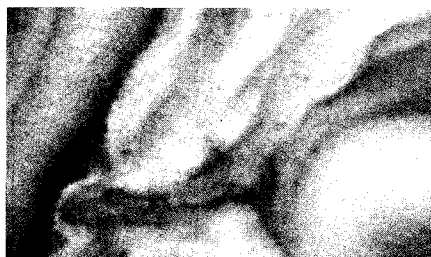
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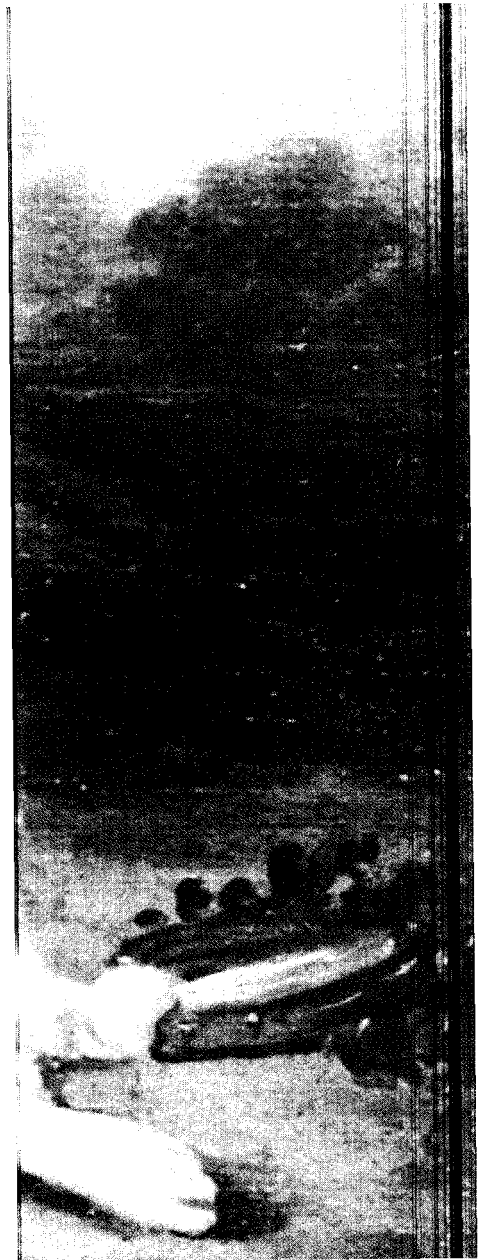
98

SLEEPING BACCHANTE

by FRAGONARD

Fragonard (1732-1806) was one of the most facile of the French painters, often dashing off his "little masterpieces" in an hour or two, producing gallant, gay and often witty compositions of amazing verve and brilliance. Occasionally he transcended mere brilliance to approach Watteau's dreamy softness and mystery, without losing his own characteristic, the radiant warmth of flesh, as in this (insert) *Bacchante Endormie* from the Salle La Caze in the Louvre, Paris.

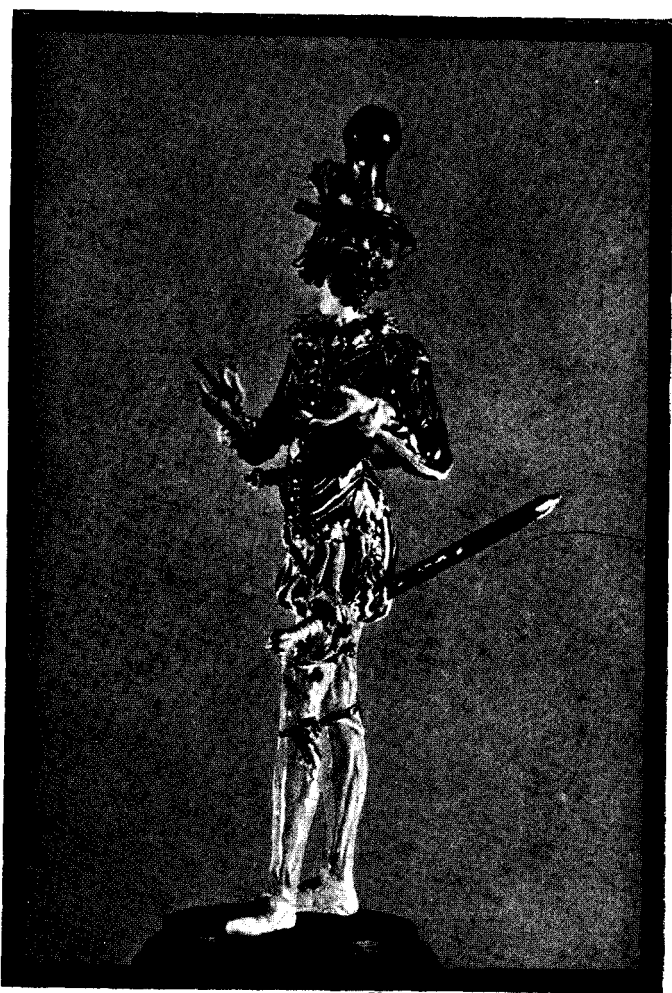




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While it may be fatuous to attempt, even in casual conversation, a linking of two arts, contemplation of Fragonard's *Sleeping Bacchante* (overleaf) does serve to recall a few lines from a chorus of Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon*:

*The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes,
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
Her bright breast shortening into sighs . . .*



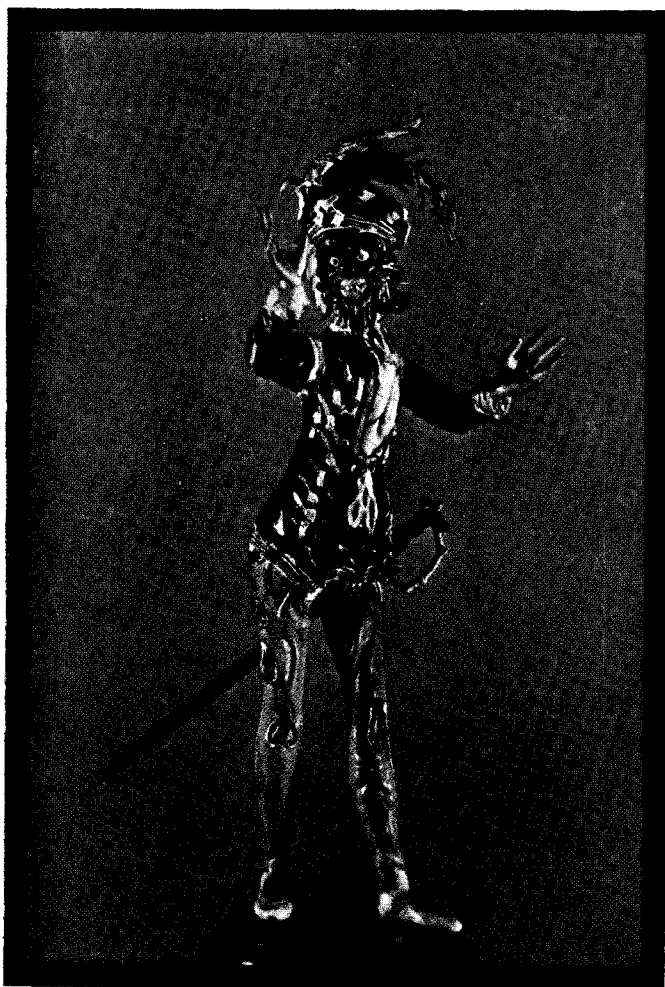
KUNSTHISTORISCHES MUSEUM, VIENNA

“CAPTAIN’S VALOR IS SO GREAT . . .

The common people in every land suffered from the rapine and plunder of the troops, whether for or against them. Since they were powerless to avenge themselves, they could only vent their resentment of the hated soldiery by satirizing them as “Captains” in their comedies.

APRIL, 1937

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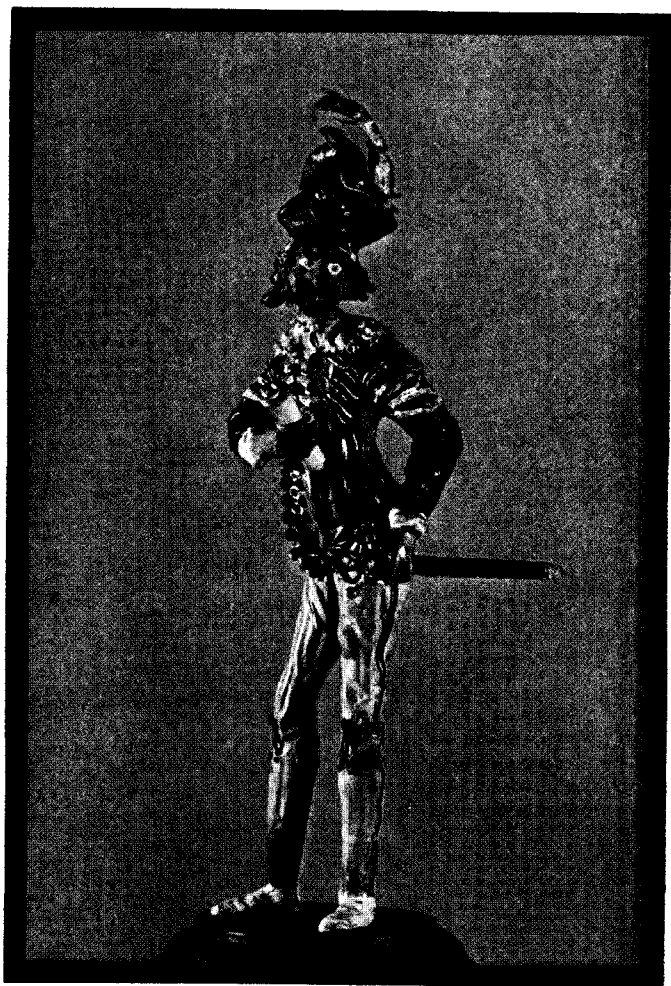


... HE'S LAST TO ENTER COMBAT ...

The *commedia dell' arte*, or popular theatre, had improvised dialogue but traditional fixed characters. There were always two or more "Captains," swaggering bombastic cowards, unflatteringly portraying the mercenaries who overran Europe in the campaigns of Charles V.

CORONET

100

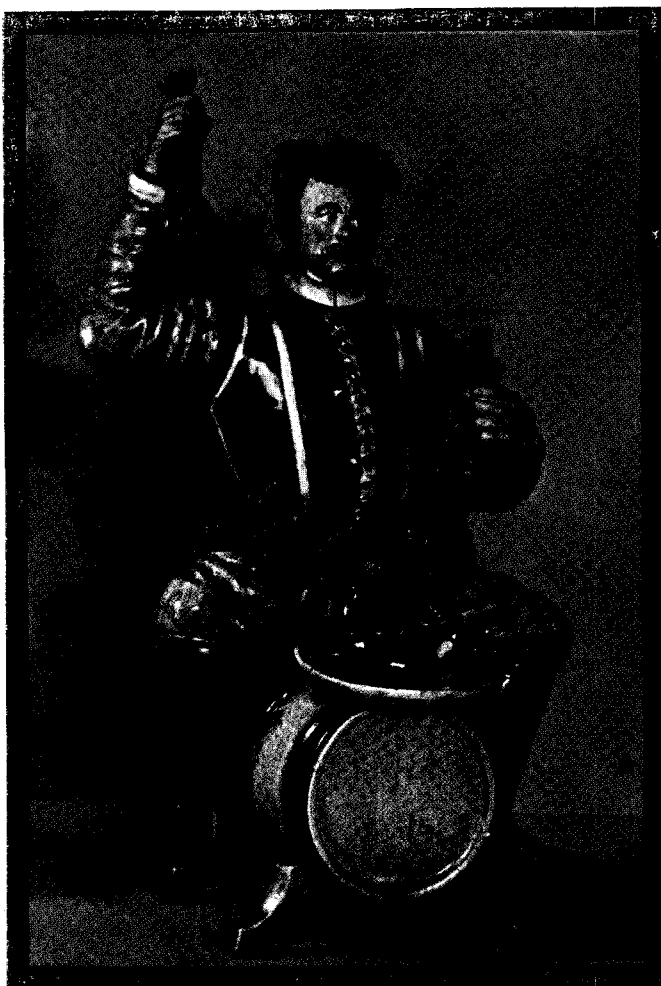


... AND FIRST TO BEAT RETREAT!"

No fate could befall the "Captains" too dire to please the giggling peasant audiences of the wandering players in the *commedia dell' arte*. (The three Captain figurines shown on this and preceding pages are of colored blown glass, from Murano, third quarter of XVI Century.)

APRIL, 1937

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KUNSTHISTORISCHES MUSEUM, VIENNA

GERMAN SOLDIER OF CHARLES V

Napoleon was not the first to observe that an army travels on its stomach, as witness these majolica figurines showing mercenaries of the imperial armies of Charles V. (The figure on the right originally held a tankard in the right hand.) Christopher Gantner, circa 1565.

CORONET

102

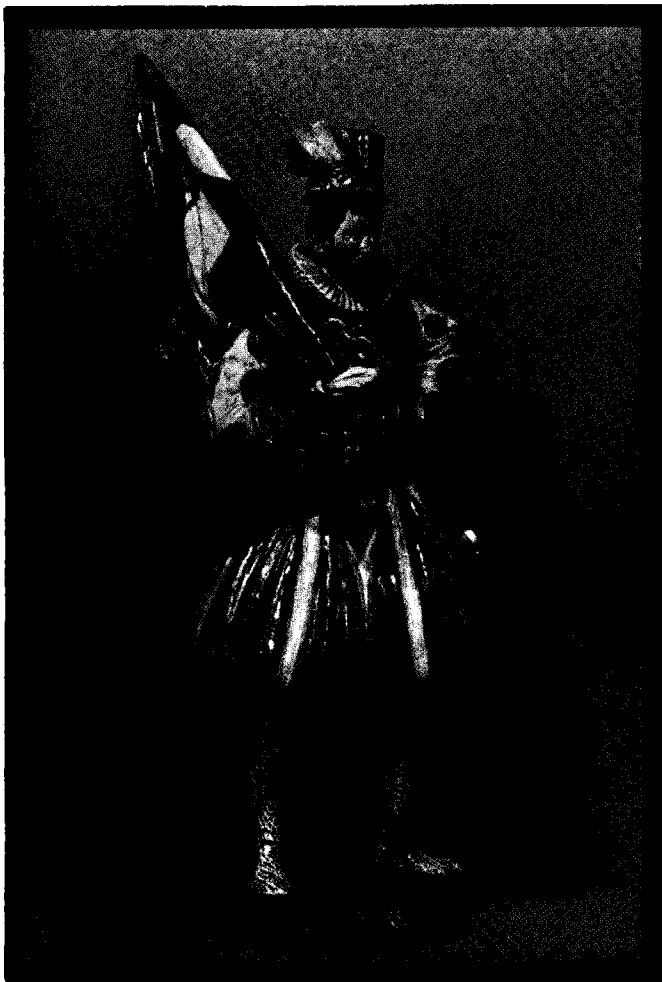


SPANISH SOLDIER OF CHARLES V

All eight of this series of ceramic pottery figurines by Christopher Ganttner have hollow bodies and removable heads, indicating original use as bottles. They were made while Christopher Ganttner was employed at Innsbruck by Archduke Ferdinand of the Tyrol (see page 19).

APRIL, 1937

103



ENSIGN OF FERDINAND'S ARMY

As the reigning prince of the Tyrol and as the governor of Bohemia, Archduke Ferdinand had troops of his own. (The princes of the Holy Roman Empire often waged private wars without even bothering to inform the Emperor.) Herewith a Cornet or Ensign (under-lieutenant).

CORONET



CANTEEN-GIRL, IMPERIAL ARMY

Women traveled with the Sixteenth Century armies as cooks or companions, often both. At the end of one of the campaigns of Charles V his army in the field numbered only 37,000 troops (casualties having depleted the ranks of men) but almost 100,000 women and children.

APRIL, 1937

105

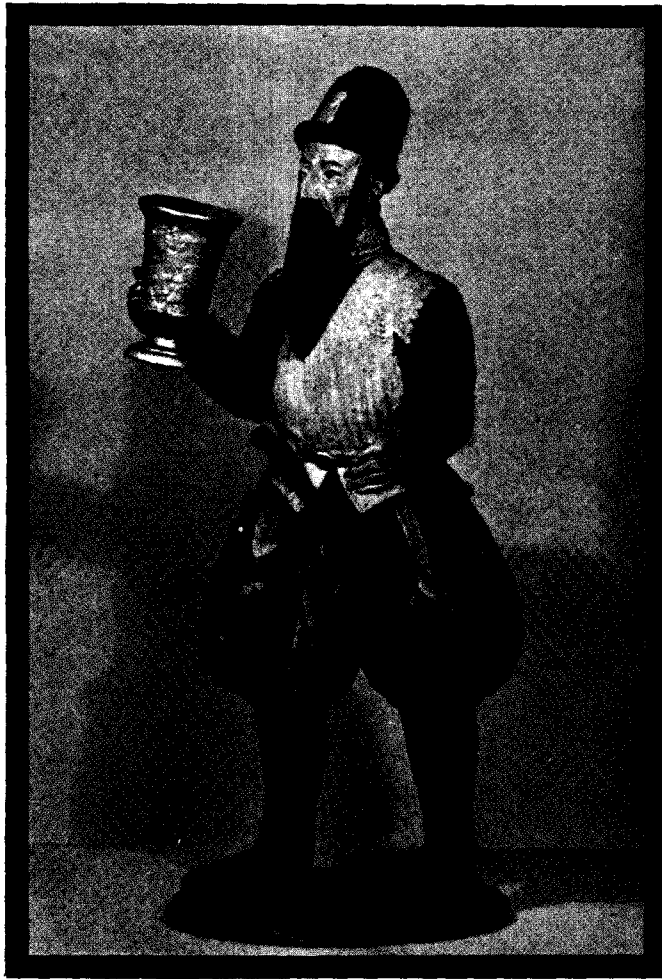


GIRL OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES

The Sixteenth Century, through constant need of money and war supplies, enhanced the importance of the middle classes. Even that proud Hapsburg, Ferdinand von Tirol, son of the Emperor, married a commoner, Philippine Welser, daughter of a rich Augsburg man of affairs.

CORONET

106

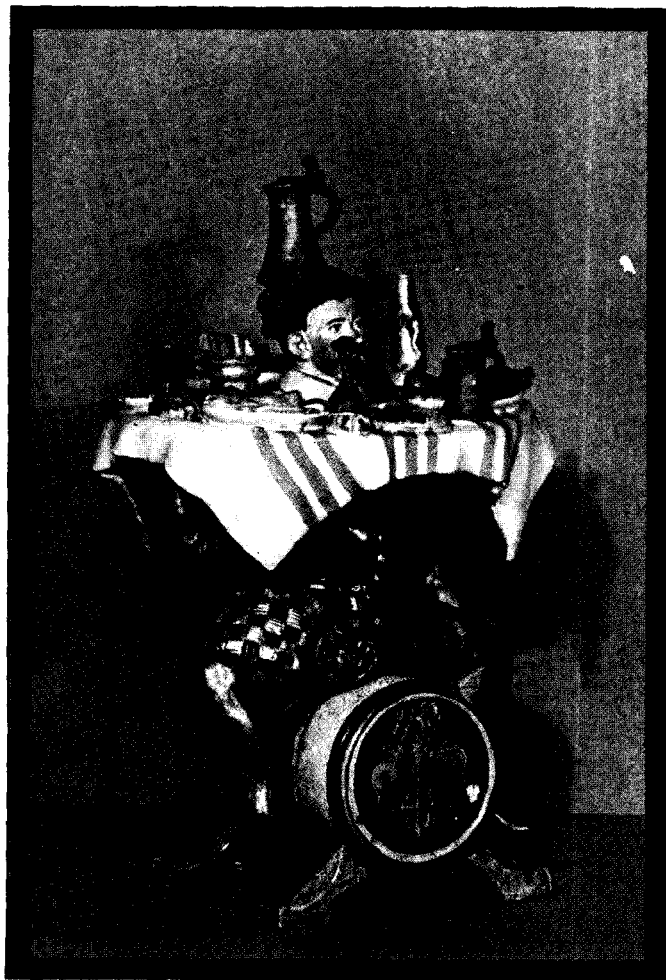


MAN OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES

Sixteenth Century burghers carried arms as a matter of course, since they had to be their own police protection. Note the pistol. The quart-size tankard, too, is typical of the times. Charles V drained five of them during dinner, "seldom less than a quart at a gulp."

APRIL, 1937

107



THE TANTALIZED GLUTTON

Probably a sly satire on the notorious gluttony of Emperor Charles V and of his consequent gout-bedevoiled middle age, this unhappy fellow is kept, as a result of his habit of over-indulgence, from enjoying the food and drink that he has always loved not wisely but too well.

CORONET

108



THE JOKE ON MOTHER EVE

The myriad-quilled porcupine was the mediaeval symbol of the temptations of the flesh. Hence for her greed for the cornucopia (filled with the forbidden fruit) Mother Eve has had to sit upon the porcupine ever since. Typical of the times, to blame everything on the woman.

APRIL, 1937

109



ONLY HOLY ROMAN SURVIVOR

The Holy Roman Empire, which was neither holy nor Roman, began to break up with the passing of Charles V. Not one crown remains of all the Empire's kingdoms. Only the monks, sole non-combatants of the century's religious wars, live on, the only remaining Holy Romans.

CORONET

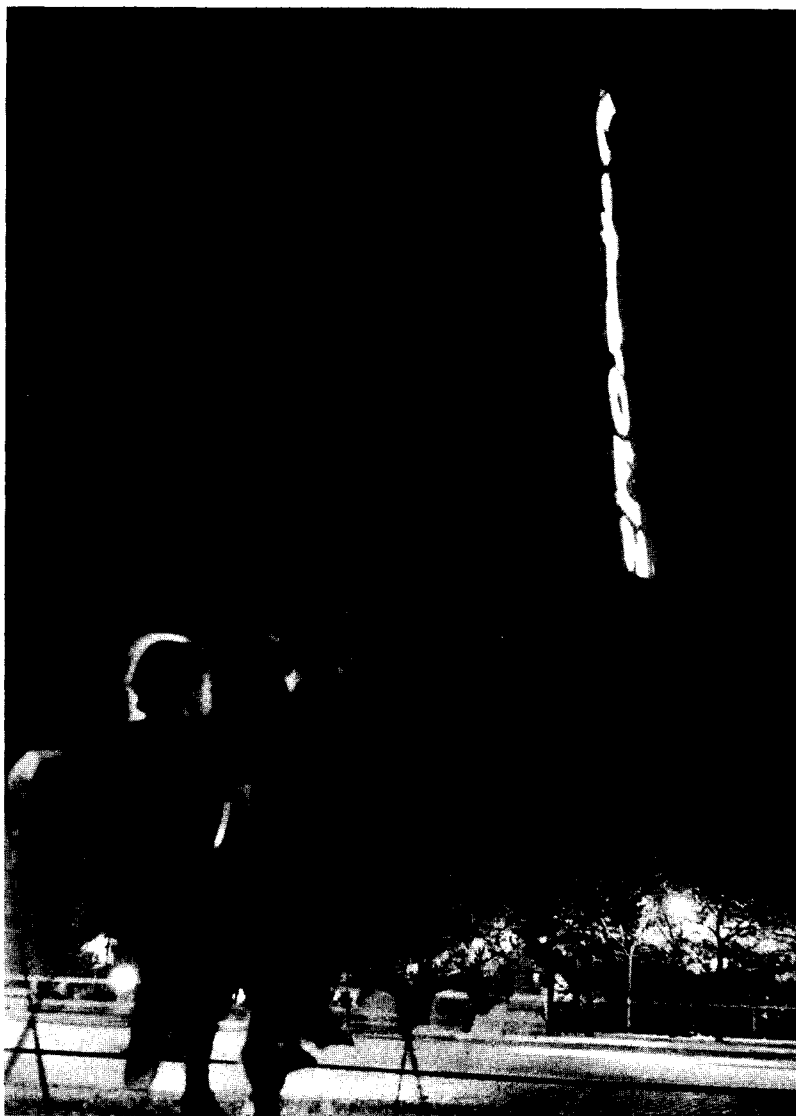
110

Paris Au Printemps

*A Portfolio
of
Eight Photographs
by
ANDRÉ DIENES
of
Paris*

APRIL, 1937

111



SPRINGTIME IN PARIS...

CORONET

112



... THE CITY OF LIGHT

APRIL, 1937

113



THE EIFFEL TOWER AS SEEN . . .

CORONET

114

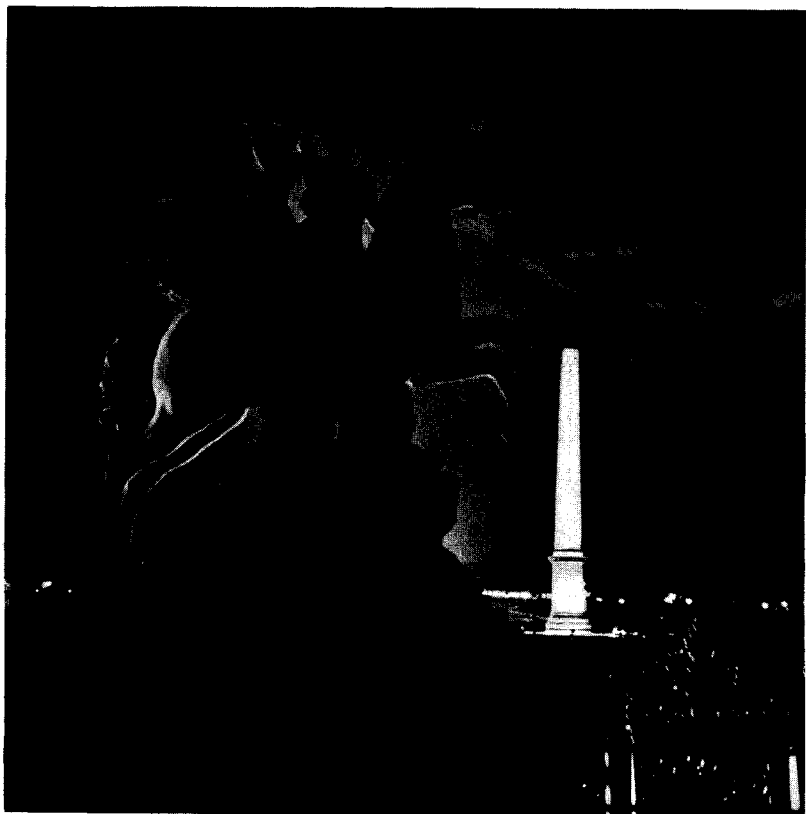


... FROM THE TOWER OF NOTRE DAME

APRIL, 1937

115

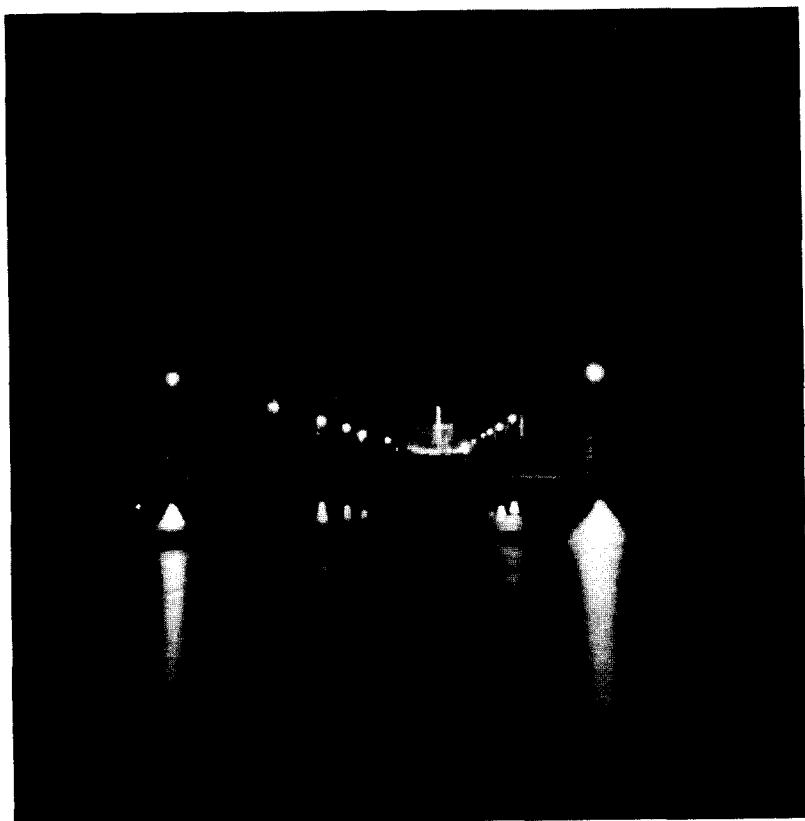
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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE OBELISK AS SEEN . . .

CORONET

116



... FROM THE TUILERIES GARDEN

APRIL, 1937

117



THIS SPRING ALL PARIS IS WORKING . . .

CORONET

118

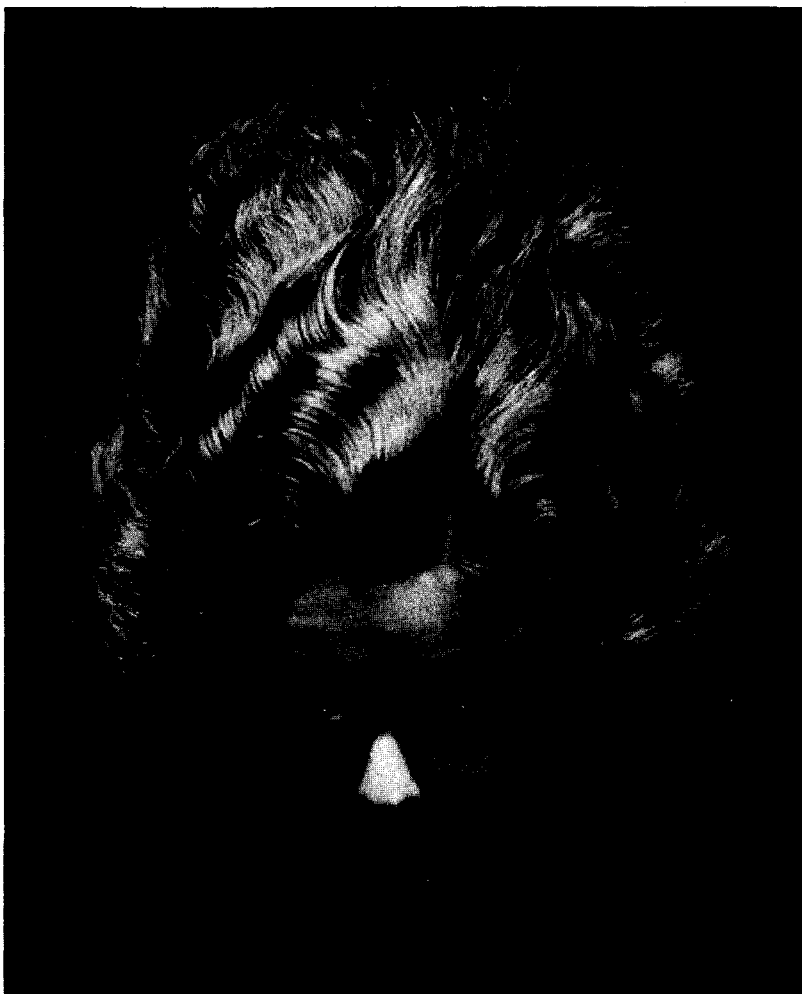
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... TO PLAY HOST TO THE WORLD IN JULY

APRIL, 1937

119



THOS. O. SHECKELL

EAST ORANGE, N. J.

FLAME

CORONET

120

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BRUNO

NEW YORK

PORTRAIT

APRIL, 1937

129



KASSER-ZURICH

BLACK STAR PHOTO

COMEDY

CORONET

130

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



KASSER-ZURICH

BLACK STAR PHOTO

TRAGEDY

APRIL, 1937

131



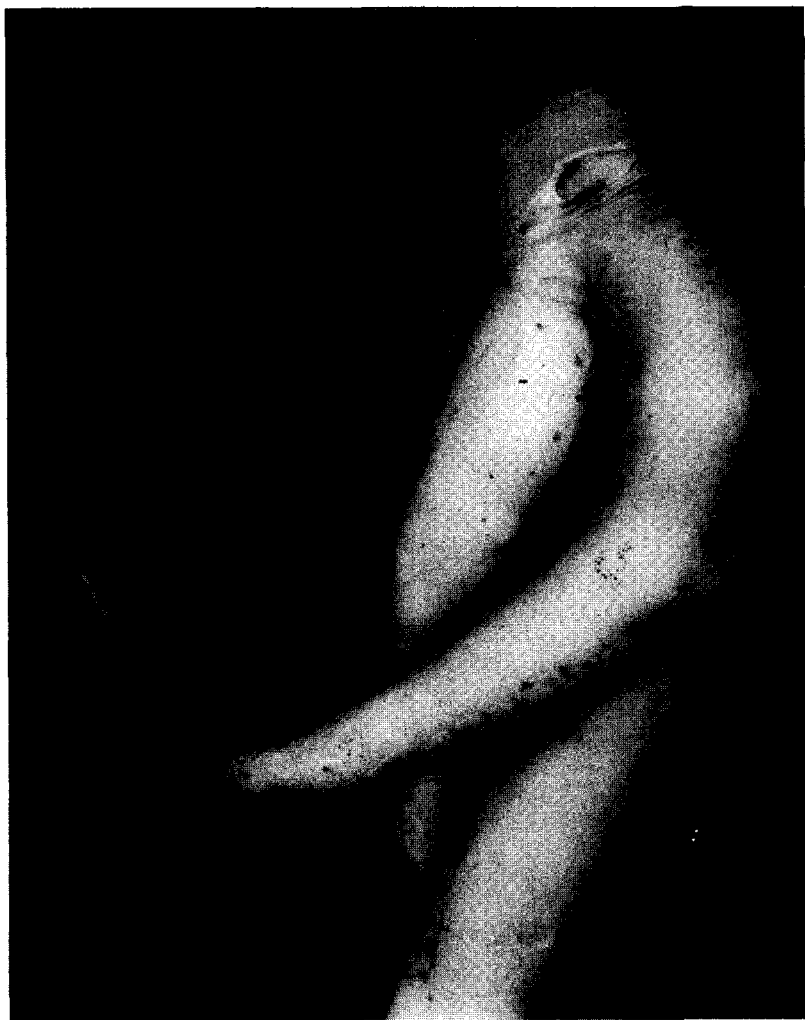
EDWARD WESTON

BLACK STAR PHOTO

EMBRACE

CORONET

132



EDWARD WESTON

BLACK STAR PHOTO

ELEPHANT

APRIL, 1937

133



SCHNALL

BLACK STAR PHOTO

EYE

CORONET

134



WESTELIN

CHICAGO

MEDUSA

APRIL, 1937

135



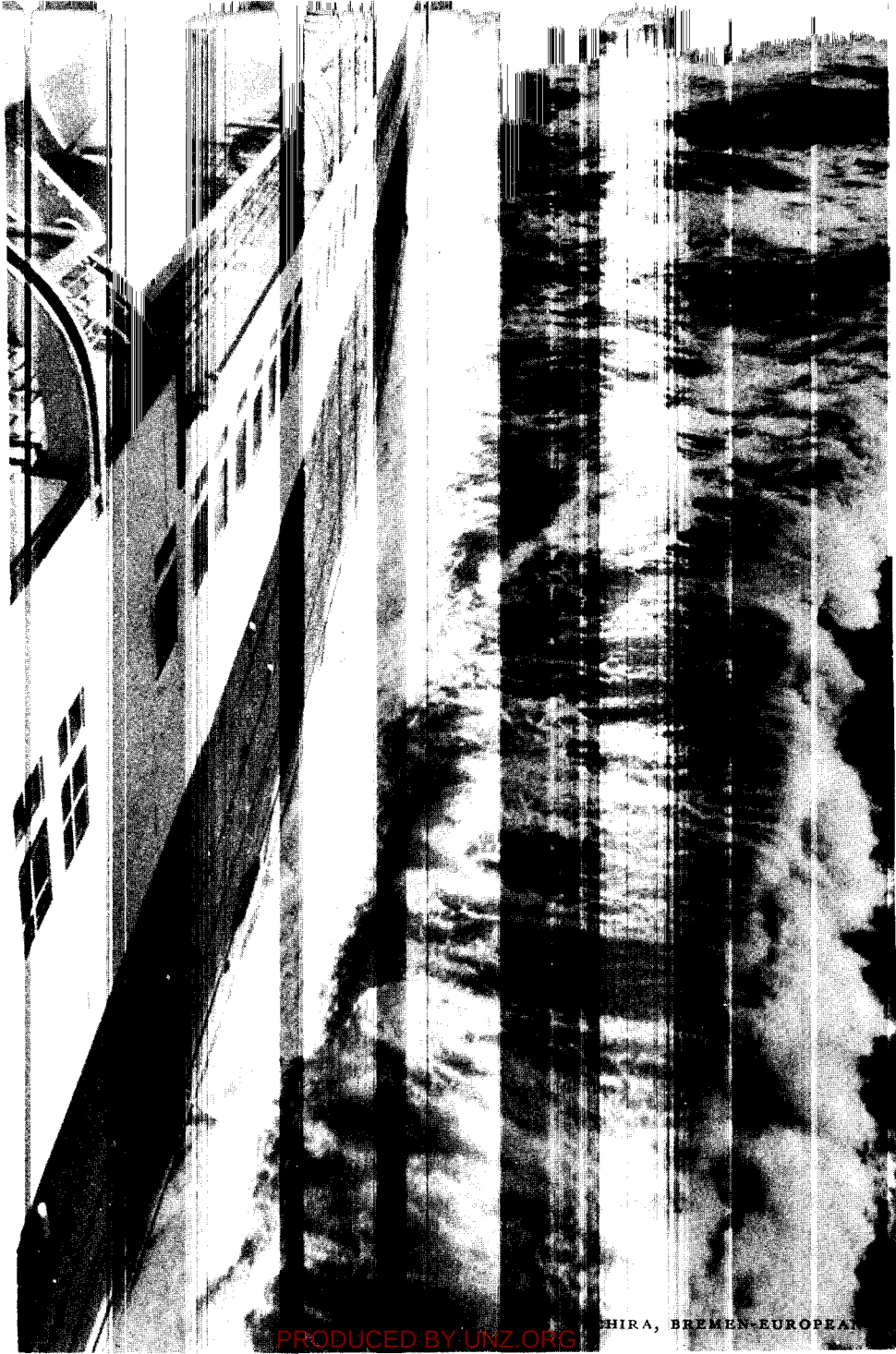
J. PETERSON

LERWICK, SHETLAND IS.

ARCTIC TERN

CORONET

136



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG

CHIRA, BREMEN-EUROPEAN

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DAME NATURE CARVES . . .

CORONET

138



"A THOUSAND FANTASIES . . .

APRIL, 1937

139



... OF CALLING SHAPES ...

CORONET

140



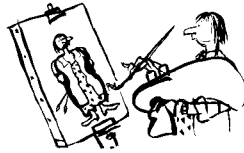
... AND BECKONING SHADOWS DIRE"

APRIL, 1937

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ABOUT PEGGY BACON

WHOSE ETCHING NEEDLE IS ACID
IN EVERY SENSE OF THE WORD



PEGGY BACON is not just another artist dope. She errs perhaps on the side of being over-chiseled, over-civilized. Her penetrating gaze, which leaves so little of human frailty and pretense unremarked, derives from a tradition in which there was an active sense of literature and art and criticism. She comes of a family of artists and littérateurs. She knows not only what to say but how to say it, especially when she wants to be cruel. When she is nice, she is merely deferring judgment or deliberately pulling her punch. This means that whether she writes or etches or lithographs or converses she prefers to report exactly what she sees and say exactly what she thinks. But Miss Bacon can be, and has been known to be, kind.

Not to women as a rule, for she knows the breed. Except for the most vindictive misogynist, only a woman would dare to report women as Miss Bacon does. When a woman goes after women men maintain respectful distances. There is no caricature so mordant as Peggy Bacon's comment on the gentler sex when she really lets herself go. Just to show that

she has no favorites among the sex, she has written, and had published, this most economical self-portrait:

Pin-head, parsimoniously covered with thin dark hair on a short dumpy body. Small features, prominent nose, chipmunk teeth and no chin, conveying the sharp weak look of a little rodent. Absent-minded type with a half-glimmer of observation. Prim, critical mouth and faint coloring. Personality lifeless, retiring, snippy, quietly egotistical. Lacks vigor and sparkle.

I lack the space, if not the inclination, to dispute this, but Miss Bacon indicates, even by this brief paragraph, that her pen is as sharp as her etching needle. She has an enviable facility. She draws in pastel, etches, lithographs, illustrates. Not only does she write, she writes in verse and prose and gets both verse and prose published, and in books, too. Besides, she is the favorite model of her painter husband, Alexander Brook, and that takes time, and is a mother besides. She is the artist of the little, competent, sure, serene.

—HARRY SALPETER



HORS D'OEUVRES

APRIL, 1937

143



Nymph - 1931

Peggy Bacon

NYMPH

CORONET

144



Satyr, 1937 - Peppy Bacon

SATYR

APRIL, 1937

145

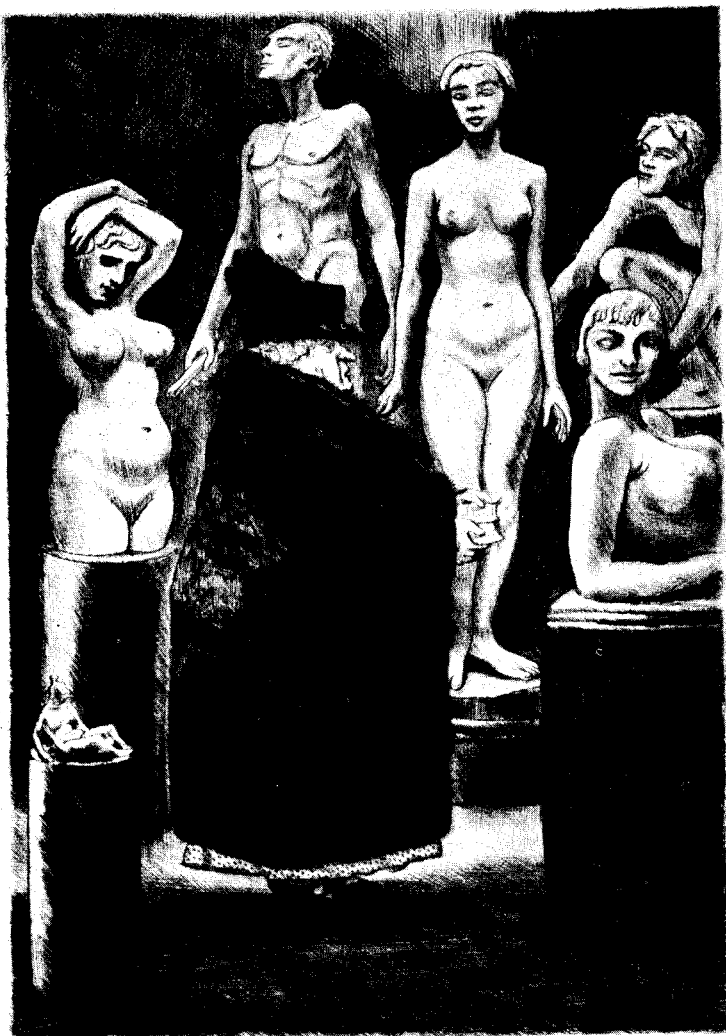


Lady Artist. 1925. Peggy Bacon

LADY ARTIST

CORONET

146



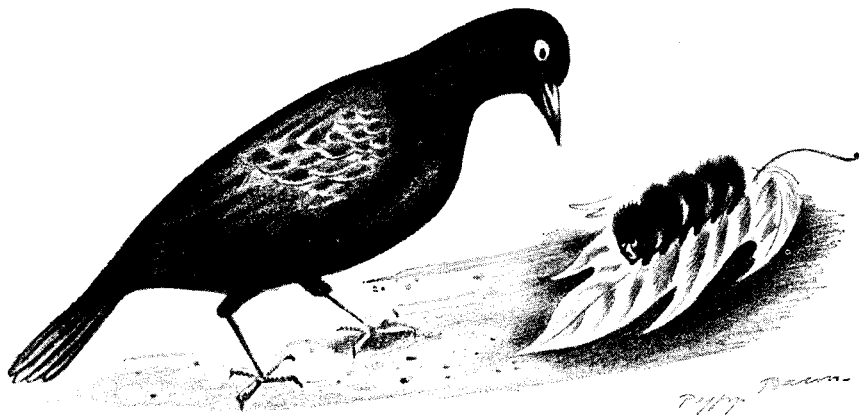
Antique Beauty 1935

Peggy Bacon

ANTIQUE BEAUTY

APRIL, 1937

147



CUSTARD

(PAGES 143-148 COURTESY WEYHE GALLERIES, N. Y.)

CORONET

148

THIS IS SUPERNORMAL

HERE ARE THE PSYCHIC PHENOMENA
THAT EVEN TRANSCEND TELEPATHY



THE word telepathy is very freely used and, in general, correctly understood. It means the transmission of any sort of idea or feeling from one person to another without the normal use of the five senses. For instance, to take a few homely examples, I go to Mrs. Osborne Leonard, the most famous medium of this type in the world. She falls into a trance and, while asleep, proceeds to tell me all sorts of little things about my recent life. Thus, "Oh, you naughty man, you mustn't throw your shoes into the corner like that." I am a very tidy person, but the previous evening, coming home tired, I had for once done this very thing. "Why do you leave that box of books lumbering up the place?" I am a passionate bibliophile, but during the previous week, owing to sheer lack of space, I had for once in my life left unopened for a couple of days a box of old books which had arrived for me. "What are you doing, pouring that stuff in and out of tubes?" During the previous few days, though no chemist, I had been preparing a solution in precisely this way in connection with some ex-

periments on which I was working. Are these coincidences? Nobody who sits down to work out the odds can possibly think so. What are the odds against a given individual receiving books during a given week? Shall we very modestly say a hundred to one? What are the odds against these books being numerous enough to be in at least a biggish box ("lumbering up the place")? Again a modest hundred to one? And the odds against such a box being left unopened are worth perhaps five to one. Thus for this one simple incident we get anti-chance odds of 50,000 to one. Two such incidents are together worth 2,500,000,000 to one; and so on. It is therefore easy to imagine what figures are obtained by more elaborate experiments.

Professor Gilbert Murray is internationally known as a scholar and diplomatist. He is also a very successful telepathist. On November 6, 1924, at the home of the Earl of Balfour, while the subject of each experiment was decided upon, Professor Murray waited in another room, thirty-six feet away. One of the distinguished company present chose the subject of

the test and told those in the room what he had thought of. He did this in so low a voice that he was often inaudible. The first subject chosen and whispered was, "I'm thinking of Queen Victoria, when she learned that she was next in succession to the throne, saying, 'I will be good.'" (This is a popular fragment of English Royal folklore, the subject of many pictures.) Professor Murray was then sent for; when he came in he took the hand of the "thinker" or "agent," and said, "It's something in a book. No, it's a picture. It's the news coming to Queen Victoria that she is queen."

Professor Murray then retired again, and the subject chosen was, "I'm thinking of Thomas à Becket being murdered in Canterbury Cathedral." The telepathist was called in and said at once, "This is something rather horrible." After a pause he added, "Oh! . . . It's someone being murdered in a church, or something like that. . . . I first thought it was something in the Bolshevist revolution, but I'm sure it isn't Russian. Oh! I should think it was the murder of Thomas à Becket."

These are only two specimens taken from several series of such performances. How are we to explain these things? Not, surely, by chance coincidence! What then? That Professor Murray crept across the intervening room and listened at the keyhole? Or that he was able to hear a whisper through the closed doors and across an intervening thirty-six foot room?

No, there is no way out. Such things leave no doubt that telepathy is one of many unexplained facts of nature.

The reader will probably be quite willing to accept this claim, for there are few people who have not experienced such things themselves or heard of them in their families or among their friends. But when we come to clairvoyance his open-mindedness will be really tested. Clairvoyance is the obtaining of knowledge neither by means of the senses nor by telepathy. Here is a borderline case. In the middle of a piece of paper I drew an ink-bottle, with the word *SWAN* on one side of it and the word *INK* on the other side. I folded this piece of paper in four, in such a way as to cut across the design twice. I then placed the paper in three successive light-tight envelopes of different colors. Each envelope was sealed according to a method I have devised, in such a way that any tampering with it would have been revealed to me. In addition the outermost envelope was surrounded with adhesive tape. The resulting package was then handed by Lord Charles Hope to Mr. Stefan Ossowiecki, an amateur medium of Warsaw. This gentleman, in full light and in the presence of a crowd of witnesses, took the packet in his hands, and proceeded to make three drawings of what he "saw." The first drawing was pretty good; the second was better; and the third was an almost exact facsimile of what I had drawn, bottle, words, and all.

I can guarantee that these envelopes had not been opened and that examination by X-rays or by soaking in ether or alcohol would not have helped, even had Ossowiecki had any opportunity to do these things. Here we have a case which may be due either to telepathy or to clairvoyance. While Ossowiecki was "reading" my drawing in Warsaw, I was in London, nor did I know when the experiment was to take place. On the other hand I had met Mr. Ossowiecki and of course knew what was in the envelopes, so that he may have read my mind instead of the drawing direct. It is an open question, but that he did one or the other there is no question.

The only trouble with experiments of this nature is that they are not convincing to the mathematically minded, because it is very difficult to express their evidential value in figures. Hence a different type of research has been carried on, of an absolutely convincing but less emotionally interesting kind. Professor Rhine, of Duke University, has been particularly successful in this field, certain of his results having the additional value of being unquestionably due to pure clairvoyance.

Rhine prepared a deck of twenty-five cards, on the faces of which were drawn five different geometrical designs, so that the deck contained five copies of each design. This pack was shuffled and laid before the subject or medium, who was chosen almost at random, chiefly from among students

at Duke University. The subject's task then was to guess what design was on the face of each successive card in the deck, without touching any of the cards. In other words, the deck was placed on a table, around which sat the subject and the witnesses, in normal light, and remained untouched throughout the experiment. In these conditions is fraud possible? I say emphatically that it is not. Yet results were obtained, with various subjects, which so greatly exceed normal expectation as to yield odds against chance of billions of billions against one. For instance, Hubert E. Pearce, a student for the ministry, guessed "through" 325 decks, a total of 1625 guesses. On 482 occasions his guesses were right, or 157 times more than would be expected by chance alone. I invite any budding Houdini to repeat this performance! In this one experiment alone the probability that chance by itself was responsible is much less than one in 1,000,000,000,000,000. It is difficult to grasp the meaning of such a figure. If the reader were to repeat this experiment (the entire 1625 guesses!) once every second, day and night, for thirty million years, he could expect once to obtain such a result by chance alone. And yet similar successes (including one series of 25 successive hits!) have been obtained over and over again in numerous experiments carried out during the past few years in the Department of Psychology of Duke University,

under the auspices of the great McDougall. If any determined sceptic insists on a "normal" explanation, I can offer him one and only one: that McDougall, Rhine, his laboratory assistants and his subjects, about twenty persons in all, have united in an unremunerative conspiracy to deceive the scientific world, just for the fun of it. Anyone who prefers to believe this is of course quite entitled to do so.

I turn now to a field in which, as I'll be frank to confess, I do not feel equally happy. The kind of prevision I have in mind is not illustrated by hunches about race horses. Even the most striking of such hunches are of no value, because thousands of people have dreams or impressions of this kind before every important race. The failures, however, are forgotten and only the successes are talked about, growing in impressiveness with every repetition. Against such unsatisfactory material may be placed the following statement by Professor William J. Bradley of Mercer University, made on July 14, 1929.

After saying that on rare occasions he felt a sort of impulse to prophecy, Professor Bradley goes on: "Two or three summers since, I was driving with an old professor of mine through the hills of North Carolina, through South Carolina, on the way to home here. I felt this 'prophetic' mood—if I may so speak—and began predicting. One day I stated to my son and the professor that there would be a blow-out instanter and not to jump when

it occurred. It came in just a few yards. The only evidence was that the road was a little pebbly, but I knew nothing of the condition of the tires, and, as I recall, no blowout had taken place since I left here for the trip. After this I remarked that I had in mind something they would also see to be true as soon as we reached our destination, the home of a friend of the professor. 'What is it?' the professor inquired, saying that he hoped I have no more blowouts. I then told him and my son that the mailbox was a considerable distance from the house and store of the friend of the professor. I had never heard of the place, never been to it. The professor did not know where the mailbox was, though he may have been to this place before. So I told them I would stake my reputation on this prophecy or statement of fact. When we arrived I asked where the mailbox was, and the storekeeper pointed to it at the fork of the roads, a considerable distance away from the store, though a road, a good road, ran by the store.

"Next day, or probably a day still later, we were on our way through South Carolina. The air was clear and all was well. I said, 'Well, more bad news, awful rain ahead about 2:30.' I think I am recalling the exact language, or substantially so. I was laughed at, but the professor said, 'You had better stop if you get this one.' The rain came, and we had difficulty with the roads. All cleared. In fact, the rain had passed when we

were in the worst of the roads. Then, within a short time, I said, 'This rain is nothing to what is going to fall between Augusta and Macon. When we arrive at Augusta I am going to ask a gas-station man if the roads to Macon are passable, and he will reply that he doubts if we can negotiate the roads.' When we arrived, just before dark, there were the signs of a big rain in the city. We saw it ahead of us, really. The man replied as I said." This narrative has been confirmed by the professor who was Dr. Bradley's companion.

Everybody knows from his own experience how seldom such hunches come true. A succession even of small previsions is therefore somewhat impressive. It may be felt, however, that each individual incident is too slight to be of importance. I therefore give some details of an occurrence against which this objection cannot be raised. The Bishop of Hereford being away from home, his wife had a dream in which she saw herself reading the prayers in her husband's absence. In her dream, she then left the hall and went into the dining room, where, to her horror, she saw a large pig standing between the table and the sideboard. The following morning, *before* prayers, this dream was told to several people. The servants came in, prayers were read, the Bishop's lady proceeded to the dining room, and there stood the pig in the precise spot where she had seen it in her dream. The pig had

escaped *during* prayers and strayed a considerable distance to find its way by chance into the dining room of the Episcopal palace. I need not add that the presence of pigs in the dining-room of bishops is an event of somewhat rare occurrence.

If such foretelling of the future is difficult to understand, what are we to say of cases in which the actual prevision prevents its own fulfillment? Lady Z. dreams that she is driving in her carriage and that her coachman falls off the box on to his head. Next day she wants to go out, but remembers the dream and proposes to go by train. The coachman resents this and she accordingly gives way and goes by coach. On the return she sees the coachman leaning back, remembers the dream, and calls out to a passing policeman. At this moment the coachman faints, falls off the box and is caught by the policeman.

It is necessary to understand why our reason revolts when confronted with such happenings. It is not because prevision is intrinsically less likely to happen than, say, telepathy. It is simply because at present no one has been able to suggest any adequate philosophical and scientific framework into which prevision can be fitted. As soon as this is done we shall have no more difficulty in accepting these facts than we have in accepting, say, the movement of the earth, a fact which seemed irrational to many generations of able men.

—THEODORE BESTERMAN

UNCOMMERCIAL ARTIST

HE IS BEYOND SUSPICION OF GREED
EITHER FOR FAME OR FOR FORTUNE



MR. MILLER—the name is Herman Z. Miller—told me that he could see me at six o'clock, and I was there, you may be sure, promptly at the appointed hour. I knew that Miller is a busy man, and that I could not afford to sacrifice so much as a minute.

I knocked on the door—Apartment 3-E—and a cheery voice shouted: "Come in." I entered, and found myself in a modest little apartment, its walls lined with pictures. But I shall come to them later. I was a little surprised at my first glance at Miller. I had rather expected him to be a dreamy-eyed man with bushy hair and a flowing tie, the type one associates with the divine genius which I knew him to possess. On the contrary he looked exactly like thousands of other ordinary New Yorkers—a business suit trimly cut, hair neatly brushed, the conventional soft turn-down collar and four-in-hand tie.

I came directly to the point. "Mr. Miller," I said, "I have learned, learned from unimpeachable sources, that you are the most talented and celebrated moustache-painter in

Greater New York. I suppose there is no reason to doubt my authority?"

Mr. Miller smiled modestly. "That's putting it pretty strongly," he said. "I imagine I'm the most celebrated, but as to being the most talented, well, that's a matter of opinion."

"Now," I objected, "you're just being modest."

"Maybe I am," he said.

"I suppose you devote all your time to painting moustaches on posters and magazine covers," I ventured.

He shook his head. "Unfortunately not—as yet. I have a job in Wall Street as a messenger boy. You see the trouble is that moustache-painting isn't a profession that pays—I mean in actual cash. Of course in the inner satisfaction that one derives from it, its benefits are inestimable."

"Quite," I agreed. "Self-expression is undoubtedly the highest form of human happiness. But I know your time is valuable. Suppose you tell me first of all, how you happened to follow this pursuit."

Mr. Miller nodded. "My start came when I was about three and a half. With some magazine or Sunday

paper my parents had received a free full-color reproduction of the Mona Lisa. They liked it so much that they tacked it up on the wall of our apartment. I was fascinated by it at once, and almost as soon as they had turned their backs, I had seized a pencil and scrawled a heavy moustache on the Mona Lisa's upper lip. Of course it was a crude job—"

"Compared to your present masterpieces," I finished for him. "But at least it showed that you had the divine urge. Did your parents encourage you?"

He shook his head sadly. "They beat hell out of me," he said.

"Ah," I replied, "I know. The history of art and literature and music is full of just such incidents. Hard-headed, practical-souled parents unable to understand the spark that burns in their offspring's breast."

He nodded. "But in the end, they came around to understanding me. I would practice on the photos in the papers that father brought home, and finally I began to get some laughs from father. This was during War-time, and I was modeling a lot of my drawing along the lines of the Kaiser Wilhelm moustache. I think the drawing that finally won over my parents for keeps was a Kaiser Wilhelm moustache on Mary Pickford."

"You were practicing only at home?" I asked.

"Oh no. I was in school, and what I did to some of my text books was nobody's business. I guess that's why

history was my favorite study, and arithmetic the one I hated most. I touched up Cleopatra, Caesar, Napoleon, Washington, Queen Victoria, Thomas Edison, and Woodrow Wilson among others. But you can't put a moustache on a compound interest example."

"Quite," I agreed, "although I venture to suggest you tried?"

"Yes—but it was too crude. I believe in being true to life. You see I'm of the realist school. Now some of my rivals go in for all sorts of macabre stuff. They put horns and tails on human figures—You may have seen some of them. There's quite a collection in the mid-town B.M.T. subway stations right now. I don't believe in that. Devils, after all, are mythological figures. I stick right to the facts. We know that people *do* grow moustaches. Nowadays, what with all these surrealist exhibitions around the town, there has even grown up a surrealist school of moustache-painters. They put moustaches and whiskers on eggs, automobiles, office buildings, shaving cream tubes. Now in my opinion, that's just sheer unbridled fantasy. It lacks universal appeal."

"Absolutely," I agreed. "Now, how about your first really public work?"

"I was about eight," he answered. "I started in on the lobbies of movie theatres. That was before the big theatres got to putting their posters in glass showcases."

"That kind of cramped you," I suggested.

"Yes, but I found that the field was practically unlimited. Soon afterwards a big building boom hit New York. Around lots of the excavations were board fences, and bill posters would sometimes put dozens of the very same ad on the fences, one right after the other. This was just what I wanted. I could try variations on the same model, and then have them all there in front of me to compare. That's how I perfected my technique. Besides the Kaiser moustache, I perfected the Simon Legree, the Teddy Roosevelt, and the Mark Twain, besides the George Bernard Shaw and Charles Evans Hughes whiskers. Right now my favorite moustache is the —"

"Hitler," I ventured.

"Gee!" he exclaimed, "How did you know?"

"I think I saw some of your work in the Times Square station," I said.

He nodded. "Right. You saw the one on the Scrubbo Soap ad?"

"Yes. A gem."

"Thank you." He went over to a table, and came back with a large album. "You spoke of there being no money in my avocation," he said. "Well, I've saved some of my best work—torn them off walls when nobody was looking—and one of these days I'm going to have an exhibition. I've already got several art galleries interested. Here's one you might like."

He turned the pages, and I beheld a splendid full-face Calvin Coolidge with General Lee sideburns. "Splendid!" I exclaimed.

"Ah, but wait. How do you like this? A profile of Helen Wills with a William Howard Taft moustache! I debated a long time whether to give her the Hitler or the Kaiser Wilhelm."

"Miller," I said. "Your inspiration is unerring. Nothing could have equalled the Taft."

"I certainly feel that way. And now—as a special treat—I'm going to show you my masterpiece. Unfortunately the subject is anonymous, but I think, if your mind is open, that you'll agree that this is the Mount Everest of moustache-painting."

And there before my delighted eyes was the figure of a slim and beautiful girl in a Sea Lady bathing suit. And surrounding her features—her upper lip and cheeks and chin—was the most beautiful, most bushy Ulysses S. Grant beard, sideburns and moustache that these eyes have ever beheld.

The sheer beauty, the audacious daring of it left me speechless for a moment. And then I grasped Mr. Miller's hand in mine, and said: "I have seen all now. Nothing could add to this moment."

And without another word I walked out of his apartment, my spirits soaring to the clouds in the realization that in this modern world with its money-grubbing, its thirst for utility, its lust for power there are still men, the spark of genius aglow in their breasts, who worship everlastingly at the shrine of truth and beauty.

—PARKE CUMMINGS

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

HOBOMAGICIAN WITTE: FIFTH IN A
GALLERY OF ROGUES' PORTRAITURE



ADDIS ABABA some forty years ago appeared from a distance no different than does Haile Selassie's lost capital today—an inviting garden of exotic verdure perched on high in the rugged mountains of Ethiopia. But civic improvements, urban architecture and public utilities, in the days of the Gay Nineties especially, were but words without meaning to the natives of Addis Ababa which consisted then of hardly more than an assemblage of dried mud houses scattered haphazardly over the uneven ground like so many ant hills; a typical and dismal African dump.

In the center of this flimsy town, however, like a citadel, stood the royal palace, a large and imposing structure built of choice lumber, with a central reception hall which any ambitious American county fair would have gladly chosen for its annual livestock exhibit. Within its walls stood the throne of the powerful Negus Negasti, the King of Kings, the Conquering Lion of Judah, Emperor Menelik II, the astute black ruler of a black empire, who appeared in his old age, with his curly white

hair and beard in sharp contrast to his dark face, like an image on a photographic negative. All the responsibilities of his primitive empire were centered in him and imposed upon him a heavy daily routine which extended over a much lengthier schedule than that of any European monarch. He made it a regular habit to rise long before dawn and by four a. m., having by then dispatched some of his more pressing affairs of state, it was for him already like the middle of the day. It was his favorite hour for general relaxation.

On one of these cool and bracing mornings, at his favorite hour of four, Emperor Menelik was sitting cross-legged in the inner courtyard of his pavilion, his feet gloved in purple silk socks and his boots standing at attention by his side, engrossed in an unbelievable demonstration by a colorful and gifted foreigner. It was the German hobo-magician, Otto Witte.

Otto had wound his way up to Addis Ababa leading by a leash a carnivorous Nubian lion that answered to the call of Daniel; and presently this captive king of the

jungle was docilely exhibiting before Menelik his feline propensities properly tempered by a well administered dose of Germanic culture. At the polite request of his master, Daniel graciously raised his right paw to "shake hands," then rolled over and played dead and finally at the command of "Salute the Emperor!" he jumped on all fours and boomed a mighty cavernous roar; the most gratifying salvo with which Menelik had ever been greeted. It was the voice of the Lion of Judah saluting him, the living symbol of his Bible-old empire! Menelik could not contain himself at this miracle of the lion who spoke at one's bidding.

"Es-shi! Es-shi!" he shouted excitedly, "what will you take for this heaven blessed creature?"

Witte gave him to the Emperor.

At the dinner table Witte was pleased to meet the Empress Taitu, together with Menelik's third daughter, Princess Pinita, and the Austrian consul who was there to close a business transaction with Menelik. Witte proved to be a most entertaining guest. He negotiated the raw meat course with the abandon of a native and completely ingratiated himself with countless surprises in the eyes of Menelik as well as in those of his passionate young daughter. He swallowed table knives, knotted napkins and lighted candles with the virtuosity of a veteran fire eater. After each trick Menelik would shout his "Es-shi! Es-shi!" and pound the table with

his palms in applause while Taitu and Pinita laughed and yelled in great glee. It created the perfect mood for concluding the business matter that was at hand. The Austrian consul had been negotiating with Menelik to travel to Vienna in his interests for the purchase of a large quantity of up-to-date field cannon with which to modernize the primitive Ethiopian army. Witte divided his attentions between the discussion of the prospective cannon and the beguiling princess and made some enticing suggestions both ways. With every word he was gaining the increasing trust of Menelik who detained him for a further conversation about the deal even after the Austrian consul took his leave.

Menelik was thoroughly satisfied with the outcome of the business conference at the sociable luncheon. And so, two weeks later a commission of four started for Europe to purchase cannons for the ambitious Ethiopians—the Austrian consul to do the buying, two Ethiopian ministers entrusted with the gold bags and Otto Witte, who had won by now the complete trust of Menelik, as emissary of good will and supervisor of the expedition.

Once the mixed quartette reached Vienna, they relaxed in the gay atmosphere of the Austrian capital and within the span of two days had utterly capitulated to the bewitching Viennese lure of wine, women and song.

But one cool morning, weeks later the four Casanovas sobered up at the

grim realization that the gold bags entrusted to them were limply sagging with hardly enough in them to purchase even a modest pair of field guns. The mere thought of returning to face Menelik, empty handed, with a betrayal, afflicted them with a severe rash of chilling gooseflesh. The two Ethiopians, anticipating that they would become the objects of a beheading party in their homeland, decided to shorten the agony by swallowing a potion of deadly snake poison which they always carried with them on general principles; the Austrian consul seeing his career ruined as a result of this scandal, also decided to end it all but by a more refined and becoming method—a silver-plated bullet from his Browning would suffice to dispatch him to Walhalla. But to Otto Witte this mass suicide seemed altogether pointless. The despair of the other three struck him as being entirely unnecessary, for after all the gold remaining still amounted to some four thousand dollars.

“With this money we don’t need to buy the most expensive cannons,” he reassured them. “I can buy dozens of cannons, very good cannons, of some earlier models.”

The discouraged trio immediately came to at the announcement of this unforeseen prospect, pulled themselves together and followed Witte to the warehouse of an old scrap iron dealer. For \$2,500 Otto hastily closed the transaction for fifty-six of the finest cannon that money could buy, left

over from the Thirty Years War which ended in 1648, together with auxiliary cannon balls, F. O. B.

The successful armament commissioners finally left Vienna and managed to arrive in Addis Ababa at the same time as the war material. Emperor Menelik was the first to inspect the eagerly awaited purchase, but a summary glance was enough to show the shrewd Negus that he had been royally hooked and plucked. By four o’clock the next morning, two freshly dug graves were impatiently waiting to press the faithless Ethiopian ministers to their bosoms, while the Austrian consul was being handed his walking papers. At this general exodus Otto decided to take the hint and departed incognito without any superfluous ceremonies. Yet his burning desire to retain a memento of his relationship with royalty compelled Witte to take with him Menelik’s daughter, Pinita, who was quite thrilled to go along with her blond Romeo. The happy elopers reached the coast but the vessel they boarded had scarcely set sail when it was overtaken by a rescue party of Menelik’s guards who pulled Pinita off the ship and escorted her home for a good spanking.

As to the old-fashioned cannons, the resourceful Menelik readily found a good use for them; with these war relics he lined the defenses of the strategic city of Harrar. And in the spring of 1936, long after Menelik’s death, when the Italian conquerors under General Graziani finally marched into

the heart of Ethiopia, they found these very museum pieces of 1648 still standing fiercely but quite impotently as the only defenses of strategic Harrar.

Witte, relieved of his executive duties in the interests of the Ethiopian Empire, resumed his aimless peregrinations to nowhere. It was a new African record which he set—a non-stop solo jaunt from Addis Ababa to Lake Albert Nyanza. At the first sight of human beings in this new region, Witte was struck by an unexpected surprise. He found that he had apparently become twice as tall; he had not realized that he had arrived in the land of the pygmies where he was a veritable Gulliver.

From the very start it seemed as though the poisoned arrows flying thick and fast about him and shot by the startled pygmies would finish the towering visitor. But Witte was always prepared for any emergency. Drawing a short bamboo fife from his hip pocket he squatted himself upon the ground and began to improvise a set of variations on *Ach Du Lieber Augustine*. The air cleared immediately of the unwelcome arrows and one by one the now charmed pygmies, at this unexpected phenomenon, crept out from their hiding places and encircled this Pied Piper of the jungle. Without further ado the pygmy chieftain, trailed by three pocket size and near-naked debutantes, his daughters, appeared upon the scene and immediately took charge of the reception for the tootling giant. It was unex-

pected and more than gratifying to the lucky Otto to know that once again he was in the presence of African royalty.

These royal contacts might have been sufficient inducement to Witte to tarry in such exotic surroundings had it not been for an unusual custom practiced by his hosts of which he became unpleasantly aware. This particular tribe of pygmies, alas, was of the man-eating variety—the horrifying details of which he always related on subsequent occasions with great relish to his spellbound circus audiences.

And now, with his regained freedom but minus his blue-blooded African associates he resumed his itinerant solo performances with a revival of his mellowed magic tricks, his old standbys. In marketplaces, on street corners, in railway depots, in innumerable towns and villages he was always so well liked that with each performance he filled his pockets with an abundance of coppers. And as he pursued his unending touring the longing for new panoramas still remained—his one intense hunger unappeased.

It was in the late summer of 1914 that Otto Witte strolled into what was for him a brand new land. It was the little-known back alley of the Balkans, reeking with myriads of grotesque drolleries of the kind which fill the spritely librettos of Franz Lehar's operettas; the land where a goose snatcher is considered to be a gentleman and a sheep rustler, a nobleman

—in one word, enchanted Albania, the land of topsy-turvy. It was the very scene which was to inspire Witte to carry out the crowning coup of his career.

For the first time in his life Witte could not help but take an interest in the amazing political events which were taking place in the country with lightning-likeswiftness. Six major nations of Europe — Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia, and Italy—had a finger in the pie. Albania was shopping around for a king and the pie-fingered nations were eager to co-operate, for each had a candidate of its own to offer. But after a bit of spirited rivalry they finally compromised upon the candidate from Germany, Wilhelm Friedrich Heinrich, Prince of Wied, who was quite acceptable to the Albanians since the powers were furnishing him with a dowry of ten million gold francs. As soon as the king arrived in his new domain he proceeded zealously to get things moving. He created a score of remunerative political posts, but before he could get around to balancing the budget his pot of gold had dwindled down to nothing. Once his allotted allowance gave out, a revolution promptly broke out and the insolvent ruler hurriedly left the country in disgust.

Another king was quickly ordered for immediate delivery and this time Turkey promptly obliged. On September 29, 1914, the *New York Times* heralded the newly chosen monarch

who was selected by the full body of the Albanian Senate which for this extraordinary session had solemnly assembled in the old quarantine station of the capital, Durazzo. Prince Burhan-Eddin, a favorite son of the deposed Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid II, was to be the next sucker on the throne of Albania.

This general national excitement absorbed Witte's interest and increasingly magnified in his fantasy the glorious notion that the opportunity of a lifetime was within his grasp. The new king was expected to arrive upon the scene within the next thirty days, and in the interim, Witte thought, he could take the throne himself in a single-handed *coup d'état*.

The whole plan quickly formed in his mind and that very day, with only the meager resources he had gotten together from street corner performances, he left for Vienna. Once there he hastened to a theatrical costumer where for a small sum he purchased a full uniform of a Turkish officer rigged with what should have been a gold braided pair of heavy epaulettes, the distinctive sign of high military rank; a full regalia of phony medals and imaginary decorations; an abundance of shiny brass buttons and a sword buckled to his left hip—the complete outfit topped by the characteristic Turkish fez. Not until he saw himself emblazoned in the costumer's mirror did he realize how truly his general appearance and facial expression resembled that of a genuine Turkish prince.

There were only a few additional details to look after before starting back. He went to a photographer where in all his Turkish majesty his picture was duly and royally snapped, and gave definite orders that several hundred prints of his august image be struck off on postcard format with a full background of a mighty armada of battleships of a non-existent "Turkish Navy."

His return routing to Albania was to be the last important operation—and then he would be as good as a king. With his little money all invested on this grand chance, he stopped off at the Italian port of Brindisi from where, across the narrowing Adriatic, he could almost see Durazzo, the capital of the kingdom of his dreams. Impersonating the expected sovereign, Burhan-Eddin, he dispatched a telegram to the Albanian Senate announcing his arrival upon the next day.

All five thousand inhabitants of Durazzo, with their dogs, donkeys and goats, crowded its narrow and winding main street to hail their new potentate. "Hurrah for the new king, Burhan-Eddin!" "Long live the saviour of Albania!" the populace shouted in welcome and appreciation for the unexpectedly accelerated arrival of their monarch, as the carriage bearing the smiling and nodding Witte proceeded slowly towards the royal palace—the same old quarantine station in Durazzo.

Otto Witte was now established as the ruler of a European state. He no

longer needed to seek out royal contacts—he was royalty itself; and he had fully succeeded by his own efforts alone; truly a self-made king.

Following the policies of his predecessor on the throne Witte proceeded zealously to do things—only bigger, better and faster. He created a High Court of Appeal although there did not exist even the shadow of a lower court in the whole country; he appointed inspectors of higher public education when there was not as much as a kindergarten in the place; he established a brand new diplomatic corps whose members calmly remained at their respective homes. And each of his appointees he personally honored by awarding him an autographed picture post card of himself with the "Turkish Navy."

For four days the capital was revived with a reborn national spirit inspired by the new Turkish ruler, and his picture post cards. On the fifth day, however, as the first week of the new regime was drawing to a close, the state officials called upon His Majesty for a first and substantial advance for their services. In keeping with well-accepted practices of international diplomacy Witte announced that an extended moratorium was in order. In reply to this royal edict his officials, with corresponding Albanian diplomacy, delicately pointed out that a deferment of payment as they understood it, in keeping with old national traditions and habits, would result in a general uprising. With this

outlook to contend with Witte regretfully realized that even his prowess as a magician would not suffice him now.

That fifth day of his reign proved to be most hectic as well as memorable as Witte desperately mustered all his powers of statecraft to forestall the inevitable political crisis. And then there dawned upon him the promising possibilities for quick revenue lying in a general emergency tax. At once he summoned his most aggressive official, appointed him as tax collector-in-chief and dispatched him without delay upon a revenue collection route. But this hasty attempt failed from the start. The newly appointed collector refused to budge, pointing out that such of his predecessors who had previously gone out to fulfill their duties had never returned alive, because the Albanians, somehow, did not quite understand the spirit of taxation.

With this major disillusionment, the most unforeseen surprise of all now came to pass at the same time. Of all things—Prince Burhan-Eddin of Turkey, the real one, had now come to town after his throne. The special correspondent of the *Chicago Daily Tribune* in relating this amazing narrative proceeds to tell how Prince Burhan-Eddin was quickly seized, by order of Witte, and thrown into jail as an impostor before he could make a general expose of the entire affair!

But this critical fifth day was destined to be the fifth and last day of Witte's reign in enchanted Albania.

He had played his game well but he realized that it was futile to overplay his hand for his life would then be at stake. And so that night, alone but quite cheerful, he quietly abdicated and vamoosed beyond the frontiers.

For the next eighteen years Witte was seen from time to time at country fairs and street festivals in the smaller provincial towns and villages of Germany. He was still wearing the uniform of a Turkish officer, the same uniform in which he had made himself a king. It was not with the same splendor, however, for after the many long years which had elapsed, the patched and threadbare uniform which now hung upon his emaciated body only gave him the appearance of a pathetic charlatan.

But his old pride had not deserted him. He only answered to those who addressed him as "Your Majesty," and referred to himself always in the third person as King Otto I of Albania. And this was all that remained of his *rex* fixation which he continued to display as he tried to induce simple country folk to buy an autographed picture of himself—from the very same card supply which he had not had sufficient time to distribute during his short-lived reign.

Five years ago in the old German town of Dessau, one Otto Witte, age 60, was reported as having been arrested for stealing two loaves of bread.

It was the self-same Otto Witte who, once upon a time, had stolen the throne of Albania. —EMIL LANG

HOW TO TALK ART

*FAMOUS PAINTER TELLS YOU WHAT
NOT TO SAY TO FAMOUS PAINTERS*



TALKING about art is easy enough if you know your opponent. If you don't it's probably safer to sneak up on him. Mention a few peaceful names like Fra Angelico or Mantegna or Botticelli. Only Englishmen will take you up on them. Anyway the Florentines will never make you wince. They're not in the fashionable swim. While as good as ever they're simply not being discussed. When you bring them up your opponent will merely shake his head a little, agree temperately, and rush on to something else. If he knows anything beyond patter, which isn't at all likely, he'll be decisive or violent. Should he begin by saying that he can't understand how this rage of ignorance has managed to sweep the world so completely he's a traditionalist and probably belongs in some museum. If you can manage a skillful getaway do it and at once. He's constantly on the watch for prey of your kind.

Of course a perfectly temperate beginning can be made by wondering, in a light sort of way, how it is that painting is the only one of the arts known by the family name. This is an

opening. But, if you're quick enough, you can follow it by supposing that most people aren't familiar enough with painting to take so great a liberty. This, with its air of superiority, may successfully frighten the other fellow off so that you can settle down to some more serious talk on the "manly art of modified murder" or the growth of tulips. If you don't get the jump the difficulties multiply. Talking on art is all right with friends. But strangers do manage to summon up supercilious or superior smiles as disconcerting as a lie detector. Thank goodness these last have not become a fashionable part of dinner services. We can still get by with some very cute monstrosities. It's a good defensive practice to utter them aloud. In the first place nobody ever talks about art above a whisper and in the second, the other fellow may be as scared as you are. Having to answer in the same tone he will nine times out of ten find it easier to agree. He can never be awfully sure of his neighbors. It would be advisable though, to first discover whether he is a faddist—they are always positive, tend toward arrogance:

the tut-tut of the dandy secure in knowledge of the arbitrary mandates of his fashionable coterie. This sort of snob is always annoying, but the way to his destruction is a matter of a few moments. You have only to wave your hand a little, the thumb out like a sculptor's, and say Rembrandt. That is the most disconcerting name to mention to him. The Rock of Gibraltar in painting, this greatest of the Dutchmen—he has even come up to the cinema—always makes other painters, especially fashionable ones, seem frivolous. Though never very fashionable himself, never, that is, at the top of any contemporary pile, he is always there to refute the contemporary Beau Brummel. He is really good to hold in reserve. I would leave him for the final blow. He could paint, draw, think and feel. He was a republican with moments of great majesty. He painted beggars and beauties, soldiers and saints.

A little while ago you would have been safe with El Greco. But now the modern painters by consistently accentuating his mannerisms in their own works have succeeded in ruining or almost ruining him. The Coney Island Moorish did the same damage to a lot of buildings in Spain. Greco is one of those perennially rediscovered geniuses. Once he was described in a college textbook as a student of Titian who upon arriving in Spain contracted astigmatism and thereafter elongated everything he did. It is dangerous to be the partisan of an eccentric, espe-

cially a coasting eccentric. Maybe in twenty-five years he will be the rage again. It is better to wait and remember. You could bring him up then, in that quarter century, and be given credit for a great archeological knowledge. Just now, wanting to be fashionable, you would be safer with Rubens or Breughel. Your choice between these two will naturally depend upon which side of the social program you want to defend.

It would be dangerous to bring Rubens up, with any glamorous intention, to a Communist or any moralist. He had no sense of social justice whatsoever and not much morals. Indeed, his present tremendous vogue must have been put on its way by painters and even among painters, oldish ones, war horses, loving the smell of pigment and reveling in any luxurious use of it. To those people you can even say that Rubens was spiritual. They will believe anything in the blindness of their present sublime infatuation. They are easy. But prattle of good painting to the Breughel camp followers may end in a riot. The fact that Breughel painted well is taken on the run. That he painted common people is far more important. Compare his social consciousness to the monarchical effusions of the extravagant Rubens. You can't do it and avoid humanitarian entanglements. There are no worse barbed wires even in paint or out of it than this argument is certain to take you to. Perhaps you would be better

off without Breughel. That dear old painter was innocent enough in his liking for peasants in great numbers but somehow he inevitably seems to lead to Earl Browder and Karl Marx. These days art can be embarrassing.

It is possible that Michelangelo flies too high. Anyway he is better left out of any polite conversation. It is hardly proper to bring God out at the dining table or in the drawing room. You'd do better with Leonardo, if you must have an Italian. I don't know whether you can still say that the *Mona Lisa* smirks and that without the English poets she would never have become the most famous painting in the world, but it may get by. You can still go on with Titian though not carelessly. He, like Rubens, had a love for regal ladies, bejeweled and draped or in the nude and could with more felicity than the Flemish giant spend a tremendous canvas on just one, whose attendant must generally have been added as a matter of social aggrandizement. His Venetian splendors did certainly include an easy surrender to the sitter's pride of possession. Aretino, one of the first picture dealers, may have egged him on.

But talk about art is not so simple as this probably would lead one to suppose. The old masters with all their ups and downs stay relatively put. Their little seesawing is an unimportant reflection of a contemporary glow, bright at one moment, dead the next. Whistler in his day gave one to Velasquez, Sargent to Hals, Manet to

more than one Spanish painter though his trip to Spain was curtailed by his inability to digest Spanish food. This is why he became in the end so characteristically French in his painting. It is easy to call him an incurable Parisian bourgeois. But I would think twice before trying it on a lover of his things. You might meet the proverbial blindness. He is having or about to have an anniversary. He will be talked of again for a little while, this giant of two or three decades ago. Others have crossed the horizon since he did.

These others are exceedingly dangerous. All moderns, their stars are not yet fixed. And you will have to talk about them much more than about the old masters. It is impossible to be at table with the Mellons of this world constantly. Sometimes there are, since the depression, no millionaires present—only people whose purses are too thin for such purchases. Given any sort of possessive nature they will avoid talking about anything so far beyond their grasp. Cézanne could be tried in that case. Though beginning to take shape, to become somewhat solid, he is still an adventure. His detractors, growing since the great furore he had ten or twenty years ago, will say that he stuttered and his followers, that he was eloquent. You can take either side or both, or a middle one with perfect impunity. Almost anything about him will continue passable until his mold in the hall of fame shall have hard-

ened. Besides that, he is acceptable to any political party. Even the Fascists and Russian Communists can take him in, for he organized his pictures at the expense of their units.

Something about cretonnes could be mentioned with Matisse; something about painting quality with the rapidly growing Segonzac. About the remainder of the *École de Paris*, discussion—if you ever want to go that far—can become extremely precarious. However, laughing, not a bad idea, may succeed in being disarming. It should be done with a suggestion of delight, of understanding. If you meet a particularly hard customer you can offer—in a return to the initiators of the school—that Gauguin at least tried to say something and that Van Gogh was honest, furiously honest might be a good touch. But the time has not yet come when Picasso the eclectic of all the eclectics—a far more rapacious filcher than Raphael—can be avoided. This would be a good time to bring Rembrandt out of your pocket although he would be a tremendous sledge with which to hammer so wiry a nail. If you let it fall there would be nothing left. On second thought, Renoir is preferable and fairer. You can always depend upon the consistent painters not to let you down. They can look upon the same life for a great many years with so little boredom that they finally end by learning how to paint it. Picasso is falling down mainly because nobody can keep up to him.

He's constantly slipping out from under when some patient cubby-holer thinks he's got his finger on him. His disguises are as numerous as styles in art. He's impossible. It's better to talk about the Surrealists. They will give you an opportunity, much less dangerous than during Freud's vogue, to talk about your own dreams. You could first say, though, showing that the subject is familiar, that you can't understand why such an extravagant thinker as Dali should be such an academic painter. Air brushes must have been liked by Maxfield Parrish, too. In any case inconsistencies can always be properly pointed out. This, of course, about others.

Sometimes, before you know it, you find yourself in *tête à tête* with a painter. If you've missed the name, watchful waiting is usually successful. But name or no name doesn't matter very much, he's sure to know only bad painters among the living. Having his name, it is generally safe in this situation to decry them all. However, there are some cliques, mutual admiration societies. To find out whether he belongs to the most noted one of these is simple. You first ask him if he has been to Europe and then if he wants to go, or as the case may be, to return there. If he froths at the mouth he is an American Scene painter and one of the most violent of all the Nationalists. He will have no eyes in the back of his head at all, no memory whatever of the past glories of painting. He won't even bat an eye at the

name of Rembrandt. So, that with him as your only weapon it is much better to talk about the Kansas State Fair or the dances of the Pueblo Indians. Whatever you do, keep within our borders.

With a much younger clique of Americans, whom you won't meet but may have to talk about, great care is needed. It won't do at all to quote Gautier's "There is nothing beautiful except the useless." Though this is good for many trials—see the Abstractionists—it would prove a perfect anathema in this one. For these young saints deal completely and entirely in social justice and paint only those people who don't get enough of it. These last are many and their defenders' only regret is that they can't get enough of them on any one canvas.

Perhaps you'd be better off leaving the modern men to their own struggles. A lot of faddists who talked extravagantly about the school of Paris a few years ago are now biting their lips. Those who, still further back, favored Rodin over Michelangelo are still blushing. One year the pundits are talking about brush work, the next about organization, the next about form. In the not distant past a school of painters went under the rather superfluous title of Expressionists. When artists do not express themselves it is time for us to take a walk. A lot of hours can be wasted with the sick. If you can't tell the difference between the sick and the well there will always be the Abstractionists to talk about. They are neither one nor the other. —GUY PÈNE DU BOIS

THIS IS THE COUNTRY WHERE . . .

. . . People insist on walking rapidly up a moving escalator.

. . . We demand the very latest edition of a newspaper and then devote ourselves exclusively to the comics.

. . . Millions of fathers and mothers bog right down into a slosh of paternal sentiment at the sight of Shirley Temple's dimpled knees, but feel that anti-child labor legislation is an affront to the liberty of the American Home.

. . . You can still go to the polls and vote "Yes", "No", "Maybe", or "So What?" without facing a firing squad, a prison sentence, or deportation.

. . . Parents go through extreme hardships to send their children to school and college, but deeply distrust any public servant who is tainted by academic or professorial training.

. . . Bankers, brokers and manufacturers complain bitterly because they are making more money this year than they did last.

. . . One state can growl at another and maybe even set up a comic opera border patrol, without ever resorting to a chain of underground forts along the state lines.

—CREIGHTON PEET

CHAIN STORE MANAGER

*THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT
SO HE MUST SMILE, SMILE, SMILE*



IN THE grocery store—one of an Eastern chain—of which Mr. Patrick Aloysius O'Brien is manager there is a stock of 1000 separate items, including dry groceries, dairy products, green-groceries and (in season) Christmas trees and wreaths. The meat items are separate. Of these 1000 the price is likely to vary once a week or oftener. But if at any given moment you were to ask Mr. Patrick Aloysius O'Brien for the price of—let's say—medium brown eggs, which varies almost from day to day, he would answer without an instant's hesitation. He could also answer as quickly any question regarding the place in the store, the approximate supply and the current demand for any one of the items on the shelves.

For Mr. O'Brien—whose nickname is Happy, for the obvious reason of his warm, gold-toothed smile—has been in the chain store business for twelve years, in which time he has developed a naturally good memory into one of those trick ones people take courses to acquire; and a naturally quick reaction time into something which could be registered only

on a stop-watch. He needs them in his business, and takes them as much as a matter of course as his white jacket or his crowbar for opening crates.

It is a conditioned reflex, that smile, arising at the sight of a customer in the doorway, irrespective of whether the customer's demeanor is friendly or irate. I would not be surprised, if I were to break into the store some dark night, to find Happy's smile—like the Cheshire Cat's Grin—magnetizing me from some high shelf.

But it would be wrong to get the idea that Happy is a softy or a sissy. Not only would that be an insult to O'Brien personally—he used to be lightweight amateur boxing champion of his county in Jersey—but an insult also to the type of person who can successfully hold down a chain store manager's job. A softy or a sissy couldn't take it. And not only not take it, but not give it, either. To be a successful chain store man, you must be a combination of gang foreman, customer's man, juggler, accountant, diplomat and above all a miracle of physical endurance.

Mr. O'Brien, like his brother managers, keeps going at a pace for more hours a day than one can think about without shuddering. It's seven-thirty in the morning to six-thirty at night week-days, and Saturdays till ten in the evening. No time off for lunch, either. He is not allowed to leave the store—that's a hard and fast rule of the company—even to eat. Sometimes he sends one of the boys to a cafeteria around the corner for something hot, but usually he just grabs a sandwich and coffee from a thermos, or a glass of milk. He likes milk. It gives him strength, he says. But generally he hasn't much appetite in the middle of the day, too much going on. And if he does vary from his usual procedure by ordering a hot roast beef sandwich or some baked beans from around the corner, one of his good customers is sure to come in and ask for him, and then he'd be worse off, he says, than if he'd just stuck to his regular cheese sandwich.

Happy O'Brien's worst enemy—though I doubt if he has many—would never dare say this of him—that he would let a customer down. In the presence of a customer, even the least of customers from around on Third Avenue, who carries her purchases home in a string-handled paper bag, he is the epitome of sweetness, light, sound advice, unctious, honesty and well-wishing. He has never been known to lose his temper at a customer, often paying for her vagaries out of his own pocket rather than

incur her enmity. "A customer lost is ten customers lost" he says.

Once a dowager from the neighborhood—a rich and eccentric lady who drove to the store every day in a limousine with a uniformed chauffeur (she's dead now, poor soul) came in angrily with her pet Pekingese Chi-Chi under her arm, to return half of a fifteen cent can of prepared dog food because Chi-Chi didn't care for it. Instead of getting mad, as you or I undoubtedly would have done, and refusing to refund the fifteen cents, he increased the intensity of his smile, patted Chi-Chi's obnoxious, spoiled little head, produced fifteen cents from his pocket—not the cash register, of course—and calmly asked for the dowager's morning order. He got it, too—half a pound of print butter and a can of Japanese crab-flake for Chi-Chi—she liked that—which Mr. O'Brien solemnly wrapped up and carried out in the dowager's wake to the waiting limousine. As a result, he took her daily order till she died. But he and the boys had a good laugh over it just the same.

Although he has nothing to do with hiring the help, simply puts in a requisition when he needs somebody and takes what they send him from headquarters, he takes as much interest in them as though he'd hired them himself. "It helps the morale of the store," he says. Morale is one of his favorite words. "I'm like a father to most of them," he says. "When they come to me for advice I try to give

them the best that's in me. We're like a great, big family." Happy's smile when he is speaking of such things is tinged with the doting quality of parenthood. "But," says he, his expression hardening, "if I ever catch one of them doing something dishonest, then I crack down on him good."

O'Brien has four men under him, three clerks and a driver. The number of clerks varies according to the average of business for the month. Business is good now, never better, and growing every day. Co-ordinate with him in authority, but mysteriously lower in the chain store hierarchy is the meat-man. This is because the meat department is a comparatively new feature in this particular chain:

Happy is a trifle superior towards the meat department. It's not very interesting work, he says. A butcher, though he may be a wiz with the cleaver, is not the well-rounded fellow a grocery man needs to be. He doesn't have to climb ladders, topple over cans and bottles from high altitudes and catch them on the fly, or superintend the opening of crates so that the perishable items are not injured. His job is merely to get, by skillful maneuvering, as much salable meat as possible from a given animal or portion of an animal. There is a minimum set by the company, of course, but a smart butcher always is above that. "But," says Happy, with a mournful wag of his head, "if he's too smart there's a danger, too. If he gets

too much meat off a steer or a pig he's likely to drag the whole store into trouble for skinning the public. The trouble is," says Happy, "any good butcher can get away with a little, so he'll try to get away with more. That's human nature. But a grocery man, he can't get away with nothing. We're like goldfish in a bowl."

A chain store manager, though lord of his domain, is watched by the eagle eye of his feudal overlord, the district superintendent. The super is the one who looks over the accounts every week. Every month, under his unrelenting supervision, there is an inventory of the entire stock. If the amount of total sales does not tally exactly with the amount of goods gone from the shelves, according to the inventory sheet, the store manager has to pay the difference out of his own pocket, and if it happens too often, with his job. "He hardly ever gets anything on me, though," says Happy proudly.

The system, though seemingly complicated, has a certain elemental grandeur. As each shipment of goods comes in, be it canned stuff, dairy products, or green-groceries, each item is entered on a huge printed form. Each month at inventory time the number of items left on the shelves is checked against the amount received and translated into dollars and cents and checked against the manager's accounts.

As to giving credit to customers, that is up to the discretion of the

manager. Although officially the chain is on a cash basis, like all chains, a manager may run charge accounts if he assumes the responsibility himself. In the good neighborhoods—and Happy's store is one of the best, on Lexington in the Sixties—no store can make money without charge accounts. "It's what the customers is used to," Happy says. "You got to give them what they want. Now the women around here like to stay in bed late and telephone their order and when the boy delivers their order they're either in the bathtub or out, so I got to give them credit or lose the trade." The percentage of loss, though, is very small. In his twelve years in the business, O'Brien has lost only about fifty dollars in all on bad accounts and gained many times that on good ones. "But of course," he says modestly, "it's a chance only a fellow with a certain income can afford to take."

Happy's income is a source of pride to him. Although his official salary on the company books is only thirty dollars a week, he makes a commission of two per cent on sales, which shoots his weekly earnings way up in the neighborhood of fifty, sixty or even more. "And always a chance for an increase," he says, "if I work hard." He considers his capacity to increase his income the only bright spot in his work. He can't rise higher in rank, but he can in cash value, almost indefinitely. They can't prevent that.

By "They" O'Brien means the

members of the family hierarchy who own and run his chain. Towards "Them" he has no feeling of pride, love or loyalty. Those emotions he confines to the boundaries of his own store. His attitude toward "Them" is rather one of wariness, suspicion and hardboiled exhibitionism to prove his value. His valuation of the company is in terms of its worth to him. If "They" try to put anything over on him, he's right on the ball, but "They" don't try much.

"Their" official emissary is the district supervisor, who is changed every so often without warning to avoid the possibility of graft or any other dirty work between him and the managers. Happy accepts this policing system as he accepts all of "their" dictates, as unpleasant necessities. However, he makes a point of getting on the super's good side and uses all his wiles and ingenuity to establish with him a feeling of mutual confidence. Not that he expects to get anything out of him, or any special consideration. No. But if you get in wrong with the super, he can make things hot for you on technicalities.

Take the matter of the accounts, for instance. Officially, these weekly records are never supposed to leave the premises of the store. But inasmuch as O'Brien works the better part of eleven hours a day and more on Saturdays, under pressure most of the time, it is easy to see he has not much quiet time for accurate additions and subtractions. So he breaks

the rules and takes them home to the Bronx with him to do over Sunday. Most managers do this, because it's the only thing they *can* do. The supers, being for the most part pretty decent fellows and overworked themselves, know this too. But if a manager should do something to rub him the wrong way, that's his dynamite. Therefore Happy makes it a point to smile with special affection at the super of the moment and find out if he likes cigars or pipes the best.

But according to ordinary standards, O'Brien is quite a step-watcher. He keeps his store spick and span, his clerks likewise; he is careful of his language in the store—no profanity. You never can tell when a customer or a super might be within earshot—and gives all his clerks a thorough course in etiquette. He is punctilious about telephone orders and prompt deliveries. He says, "In my business a man has to mind his P's and Q's."

One of the lesser P's and Q's is response to company suggestions, sent out every so often in the form of pep letters to the managers. "They're just form letters. Nothing personal," Happy says in a disparaging way. "They don't mean a thing." Just the same, he answers one every few months, just to show he's alive and on the job. "Of course, they don't read them," he says. "And if they did I don't know what good it would do. Still, you never can tell. All those birds care about is making money. Why, they soak us four dollars apiece

for the Annual Ball and if we don't buy a ticket they give us *he*—I mean the dickens."

The money from the Ball goes into a sick benefit fund for employees. If a man is sick his salary and expenses are paid for two weeks, but after that—well—it's hard to say. Fortunately for Happy, he has only been sick once in the twelve years and that was only for a week. A week at a time is all he's ever been away from the store.

A week is all the vacation he gets. Then he and the wife take a trip in the car. She does the driving. That's because he falls asleep. "Funny," says Happy, "but I can't seem to stay awake when I drive any distance. Sometimes I think I'd like to take my vacation home in bed, but the wife likes to travel. Some day," Happy says, with a faraway look in his eyes, "I'll resign from my job and take a trip around the world. And judging by business nowadays, it might come sooner than you'd think."

He and his wife own half a two-family house in the Bronx. Also a good radio, a 1935 Chevvie, a vacuum cleaner, an electric mixer, a sewing machine and a bull-terrier. They are on the verge of buying (any minute now) a 1937 streamline model baby carriage. The boys are chipping in to give a silver mug. "If it's a boy," says Happy, "we'll call him Franklin D." He's sure it will be a boy. This is his lucky year.

—MARK CARLSON

ABOUT HOWARD COOK

WHO HAS TRIUMPHED IN BLACK AND
WHITE AND NOW TURNED TO COLOR



HOWARD COOK is a young master of black and white techniques who has only recently begun to explore the possibilities of color. As wood engraver, lithographer and etcher, his name has been known for some years to print juries, museum curators, collectors and even that part of the public that looks without buying. He has made for himself a groove that might have become another man's rut. Howard Cook has reasons for complacency, in museum purchases, exhibitions here and abroad, awards of money, medals and mentions, two Guggenheim Fellowships, opportunities (always eagerly snapped up) for travel on three or four continents. For five years he has been consecutively represented in the annual, 'Fifty Prints of the Year.' In his middle thirties, he has won what passes among artists as an international reputation, for Berlin, Paris and London museums have examples of his prints. Sometimes there is honor without bread but Cook has managed also to keep the pot boiling.

Often artists who move from one medium to another indicate not ver-

satility but dissatisfaction with their work in each medium. There was no such motivation in Cook's effort to conquer color.

It is only natural that his first color work should strongly suggest line and draughtsmanship with color added almost as an afterthought. But he is strong in that quality in which most painters are weak, namely in drawing, and he therefore can bide his time, for the average artist uses color to conceal his deficiency in draughtsmanship.

It is true that Mr. Cook's color work would have no less strength, if perhaps a little less appeal, if it were done exclusively in black and white. But he has only begun. Perhaps we shall watch his dust.

If one knew Howard Cook only by the itinerary of his travels and the record of his curious jobs, one would guess that he was a most romantic fellow, adventurous as seven sailors homesick for the sea. But he is unromantic, workmanlike, deliberate, systematic, efficient, with no loose ends about him. He means business and his business is art. —H. S.

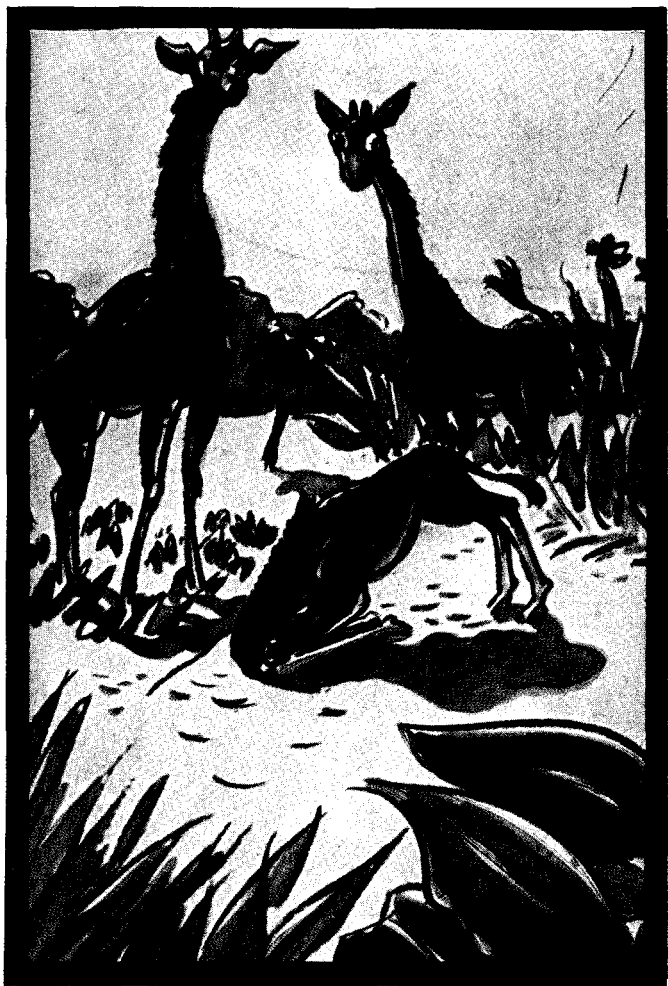


HALLELUJAH BY HOWARD COOK

On his second Guggenheim subsidy Cook went through the Southern states, making large pastel portraits of people and types, in straight portraiture and in group communal activities. The pastel shown here is from one of the portfolios he recently brought back from the South.

APRIL, 1937

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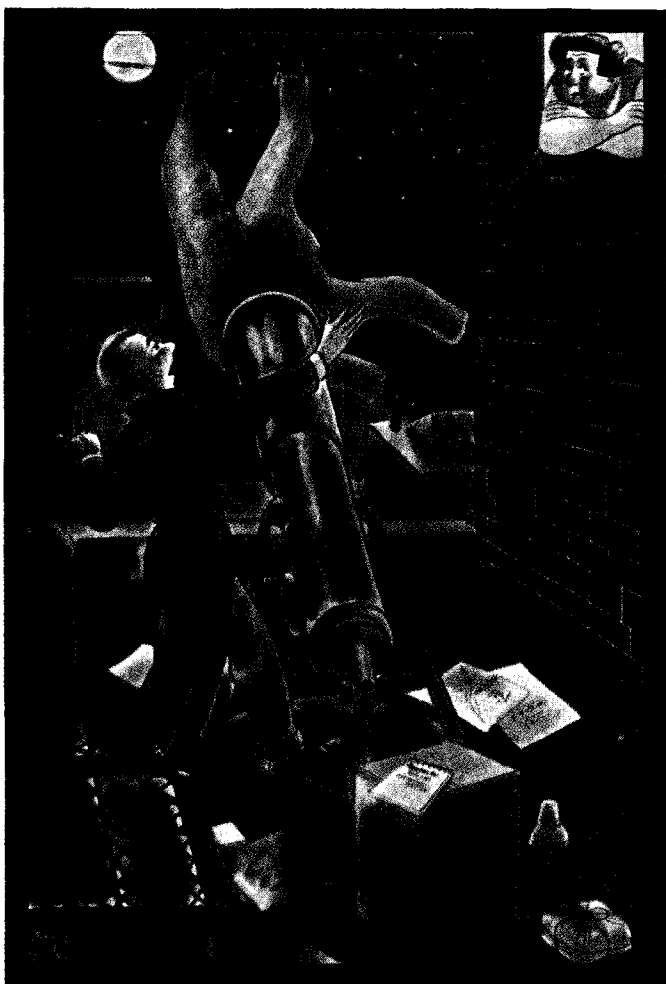
*"It seems that young ostrich is having
altogether too much influence on Junior"*

CORONET

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PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



*"Would you mind getting Mr. Cassidy's
underwear out from in front of Mars?"*

APRIL, 1937

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PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"It isn't that I mind, sir, but you should learn to be self-reliant"

CORONET

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WHO SAVED SHAKESPEARE?

THE TIME WHEN HALF THE BARD'S
PLAYS TOTTERED ON LIMBO'S EDGE



IT was about five years in 1621 since the King's Players had lost their former manager and their most popular playwright, William Shakespeare. Some of his plays occasionally were on the boards but new plays were occupying the attention of the public who then, as now, demanded novelty.

In this year, the older members of the company were probably in a slightly irritated mood. One of their number, Ben Jonson, had been putting on airs. In 1616, the year of Shakespeare's death, he had published his plays under the title of *The Workes of Benjamin Jonson*. This had aroused in the older players, especially the managers, John Heminge and Henry Condell, the desire to have the memory of their loyal "Friend & Fellow" honored by the publication of a volume of *his* collected plays.

To find a publisher for this collected edition of plays was probably not as easy as we who know the thousands of editions into which Shakespeare's works have gone might conclude. There was, to be sure, in 1621 still a demand for Shakespeare's plays published singly as pamphlets—

half of Shakespeare's plays, eighteen in all, had been issued in this form. The King's Players, however, for a number of years had effectively discouraged the publication of their plays in this form, because they probably concluded that the reading of these plays by the general public would cut down attendance at performances. Heminge and Condell, however, sought a publisher who would issue the plays in a rather sumptuous volume with an engraved portrait of the author—a work which would retail for One Pound (in modern values, \$5.00). Such a volume would not circulate among persons who from motives of economy would be deterred from attending a play which they had read.

To put the situation in terms of our own day: many publishers would be glad to publish a new novel by a recently deceased, successful writer of detective fiction, such as Edgar Wallace. But few, on the other hand, would be willing to undertake to issue a de luxe edition of his collected works even if a great deal of unpublished material were included in it.

The only previous publication of a

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collected edition of plays gave small encouragement to stationers to undertake another. The *Workes* of Ben Jonson, to judge by the length of time which elapsed before a second edition was called for, was not a success. It might well be argued, then, that if the collected plays of England's most popular living dramatist sold slowly, there would be less demand for the collected works of a dramatist who had been dead for five years.

Fortunately for posterity, however, Heminge and Condell found a publisher who would undertake the risk of issuing the volume. He was William Jaggard, the official "Printer to the Honorable City of London," who though ill and blind was still conducting with the aid of his son, Isaac, a prosperous business. Ironically, he was a man whose relations with Shakespeare and the King's Players had not been very happy. In 1599 he had issued as the work of Shakespeare, whose name had a selling value, *The Passionate Pilgrime*, an anthology of poems by several authors of which five only were by Shakespeare. This offense he made more glaring in 1612 by issuing a third edition in which he included two fairly long poems by Thomas Heywood, an act which caused Shakespeare to be "much offended with M. Jaggard (that altogether unknowne to him) presumed to make so bold with his name."

Nevertheless, the arrangements were finally completed and in the sum-

mer of 1621 Jaggard was provided by Heminge and Condell with the playhouse manuscripts of Shakespeare's plays and with other kinds of copy. The printing of the volume which we now know as the First Folio of Shakespeare was then begun.

But the danger that we should lose the plays of Shakespeare which in 1621 remained unpublished was by no means over. The printing of the volume proceeded for about eight weeks and almost one-third of it was completed. But at this point work was suddenly broken off because of a controversy in which the printer had become involved. Jaggard had printed in 1619 a forerunner of the present "peerage," the *Catalogue and Succession* by Raphe Brooke, the York Herald. However, both Brooke and his enemies quickly discovered in the work numerous errors, some of which appeared to make Brooke cast doubt upon the titles of certain powerful noblemen. Alarmed, for his lucrative office might be in danger, Brooke published in 1622 at his own expense a corrected edition in which he attempted to cast the blame for the errors of the first edition on the printer.

When Jaggard learned of Brooke's intention of maligning his skill as a printer, he prepared to answer him by reprinting the 1619 edition with the caustic comments of a brilliant young member of the College of Heralds, Augustine Vincent, which proved that the author, not the

printer, was responsible for the faults. In order to devote all the resources of his shop to rush to completion Vincent's *A Discoverie of Errours in the First Edition of the Catalogue of Nobility published by Raphe Brooke*, Jaggard about October 1621 stopped work on Shakespeare's First Folio (at page 24 of the Histories) and probably on all the other books which were in his establishment.

Jaggard finished Vincent's *Discoverie* in 1622, soon after the appearance in the same year of Brooke's slander on his skill in the second edition of his genealogical work. Although he advertised in the catalogue of the great international book fair at Frankfurt that the "Playes written by M. William Shakespeare, all in one vol." would be ready for sale in October, 1622, he did not immediately return to the printing of the dramatist's works. Instead, the sheets lay untouched in the printing office while Jaggard completed Favyn's *Theatre of Honor* (1623), which he had also interrupted in order to work on Vincent's *Discoverie*, and several smaller books. The danger of our loss of half of Shakespeare's plays was still probably a serious one.

About May, 1623, however, Jaggard resumed work on the First Folio. But his troubles were by no means over.

By their influence with the Lord Chamberlain the King's Players had frequently prevented the stationers from publishing the plays which they performed and even from reprinting

plays the copyrights to which in their less prosperous days they had evidently sold. This high handed procedure was resented by two stationers, Mathew Law and Henry Walley, and they in turn forbade the inclusion of the four plays to which they owned rights in the volume of Shakespeare's collected works. This they were able to do because of a guild regulation. Finally, no doubt on the receipt of substantial payment, their objections were withdrawn and, despite all difficulties, the volume was completed.

On or soon after the eighth of November, 1623, *Mr. William Shakespeares Comedies, Histories & Tragedies. Published according to the True Originall Copies* was finally given to the world. Isaac Jaggard and Edmund Blount with two other stationers had the problem of selling it, for William Jaggard had died a short time before. The book was evidently a moderate financial success for another edition was called for nine years later, but, on the other hand, this first edition of Shakespeare's collected works did not at first sell as rapidly as did many other books of the time. Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World*, for example, though larger and more expensive, sold three times as rapidly.

In printing the volume under these difficult conditions Jaggard left certain irregularities in the pagination and construction of the book. By noting slight signs of wear in the woodcut ornaments, small peculiarities in the type, and other bits of evi-

dence both in the First Folio of Shakespeare and in the other books printed by Jaggard, it has been possible to piece together the story of its printing.

Although the First Folio of Shakespeare is not a very rare book—about two hundred copies out of the edition of approximately one thousand survive—it is one of the most prized and highly valued books of the world. In the deepest period of the Great Depression—July, 1933—an extraordinarily fine copy sold at £14,500 (\$72,500) and good ordinary copies fetch up to about \$40,000. And this in terms of cold cash expresses the value of the book which was instrumental in guaranteeing the survival of so many of the thoughts and words of William Shakespeare. For the First Folio (1623) edition of Shakespeare's dramatic works gave to the world the first texts of eighteen plays, *The Tempest*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Measure for Measure*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *As You Like It*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *All's Well That Ends Well*, *Twelfth Night*, *Winters Tale*, *King John*, *Henry VI (First Part)*, *Henry VIII*, *Coriolanus*, *Timon of Athens*, *Julius Caesar*, *Macbeth*, *Anthony and Cleopatra*, and *Cymbeline*; the first uncorrupted texts of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Henry V* and *Henry VI (Parts 1 and 2)*; and a version of *Hamlet* different from that previously published in the quarto pamphlets. These plays were thus rendered secure both from the chance destruction and from the pens of in-

ferior writers who even by 1621 had already attempted to touch up some of the plays. Again the First Folio gave us the Droeshout portrait which with the bust on the poet's monuments at Stratford forms our most reliable source of his likeness.

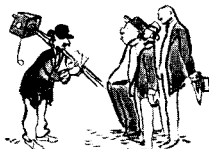
By the efforts of Heminge, Condell and Jaggard, therefore, all known plays of Shakespeare, with one possible exception, have been preserved. *Love's Labors Won*, mentioned by a contemporary writer, has never been found but this is probably merely an alternative title to one of the extant comedies.

The question often arises as to what might have happened had not the First Folio edition been published when it was. The question is of course impossible to answer. Certainly, however, troublesome years were lying in wait for the players who held the manuscripts of the unpublished half of Shakespeare's plays. As a set policy they continued unwilling to allow the plays to appear singly in pamphlets. In 1625 a great plague came to London, injuring the chances of publication at the time of an expensive volume. After this, in 1642, came the Civil War of Charles I and Parliament, and then the suppression of the theatres by the Puritans. There is no small chance that had Jaggard refused to undertake the risk of printing the volume or had he failed to complete it despite the difficulties which beset him, we might have lost half of Shakespeare.

—EDWIN E. WILLOUGHBY

THE PICTURE MAN

TAKE PICTURE OR NOT TAKE, ALL
THE SAME TO HIM, NO DIFFERENCE



NONE of us had ever been on this narrow street before. Nor were we quite certain how we had come upon it. It was a queer-looking street. The cobblestones were rough, and the old-world façades of the houses and shops seemed to lean together over our heads.

It was almost twilight, and we walked a short distance in the lengthening shadows. The dead end of the street was not far ahead. Perhaps it was natural that people should have gone indoors during the rain. But though the rain was now over, the street was deserted. Shutters and doors were tightly closed, and no sound came from behind them. There were no sounds, beyond the dripping of water from eaves and sills, and the clacking of our shoes on the shining cobblestones. Where were all the people, I wondered? Where were all the cigarette butts? That seemed odd. There was no rubbish in the street. It was clean-swept, like a period replica in a museum. No cigarette butts, no people, it seemed queer.

But I felt better when both Mark and Richie pinched Grace, and she

began to laugh with her husky voice, and her shoulders and heavy breasts shook. The latter inspired me to pinch Midge. She giggled, half-heartedly, and in a moment, we were chasing each other in a small circle, pinching and laughing and shouting, so that our faces were flushed and our movements were loose and effortless. Mark bent double trying to lift Grace, but she was heavier than he was, and we laughed until tears came into our eyes as we watched him strain and heave.

Then suddenly, Richie pointed ahead and broke away from the circle.

"A picture man, a picture man," he shouted. "Let's all get our pictures taken."

That was the first time we saw him. He was a slight figure standing in the shadows at the end of the street. At his side was a camera box mounted on a tripod. We ran up to him, Richie standing in front of us and acting as spokesman.

"How much to take a picture?" he asked.

The man shrugged. Then he took a sliver of wood from a vest pocket and began to pick his teeth. His Latin

face was dark and in need of a shave, and an old cloth hat with large check design was pulled low on his forehead.

"Don't you want to take our pictures?" Richie demanded. "What are you standing here for if you don't want to take our pictures?"

The man muttered and glanced at the sky.

"What did he say?" Mark asked.

Richie looked back over his shoulder.

"He said he was waiting for it to get dark so he could go away."

That seemed like an idiotic thing to say. After all, he was obviously a picture man. The battered camera looked as if it has seen long service. Grace stepped forward to Richie's side.

"Tell him we want our pictures taken right away, before it gets too dark," she said.

"You tell him," Richie said. "He can hear you as well as me."

We all felt uncomfortable. He must have been standing there while we danced and pinched each other. There was no place for him to have come from. He was standing against a brick wall. The dead end of the street.

"It's too dark to take pictures," I said.

"Yes, let's go," said Midge.

"No," insisted Richie. "It's not too dark. Why should we go? I want to have my picture taken."

"It's never too late for these tin-types," said Grace.

"But it's plain that he doesn't

want to take our pictures," said Mark.

The picture man threw down his toothpick, and put his hands behind his back and stared past us.

"Shall we beat him up and smash his damn camera?" said Richie, looking back at me. I shook my head.

"Well, I never heard of such a thing," said Grace. "We aren't asking for charity. We've got money to pay for pictures."

The man looked at her. He scowled, and I heard his voice for the first time. It was guttural, the language broken, but I could not determine the accent. It might have been Teutonic or Slavic, or a mixture of both.

"What kind money you got?" he said. His eyes were narrow and his upper lip was curled up over yellow stumpy teeth.

Richie pulled some change out of his pocket and rattled it.

"Now we're getting some place," he said. "Regular money. But you can't hold us up. How much?"

The man scratched his neck and reached for another toothpick.

"Five for dollar. All together or each one," he said.

"Separately," said Richie. "We can't all get in on one of those little things."

The man stepped behind the camera box and squinted at us. His face, scarred and pitted, was as ugly as his tone and manner.

"Who first?" he said.

Richie hesitated, then looked back at Midge and me.

"Come on Midge, you go first."

She shook her head and pushed my arm.

"No, Bert, you go first."

It was plain that she was afraid of the picture man, though that was silly since Richie and I had long legs and broad shoulders. I stepped before the camera. The man squinted at me over the top of the box, then spit against the wall.

"Well?" I said. "Go ahead," feeling wary, as though he had a gun concealed in the box.

"How many?" he muttered.

"Just me, you fool!" I said with some heat. "Just me."

He smiled, but there was no humor or fun in his smile.

"How many?" he repeated, in the curious guttural that swallowed the meaning of his words.

"How many what?"

"Years. Years."

"Years? Do you want to know how old I am? What's that got to do with it?"

He shook his head, and his face became livid as he muttered fast and hard. This time I managed to catch some meaning in his words and I stared at him, then looked back at Richie. Ordinarily, I would have smiled, or laughed. But I did neither.

"Did you get that?" I said. Richie nodded and looked puzzled.

"What did he say?" Grace demanded.

"The guy's batty," he whispered to her, and then in a louder voice, con-

tinued: "he says he takes pictures to show how you might look in the future."

The man was watching him intently as he spoke. He shook his head.

"Not how *might*," he rasped. "How *will*. Not take picture you now. Camera not see you now. See you future. How many years? Five, ten, twenty."

Despite the nonsense of its content, this statement was the most intelligible he had yet made. Grace winked at me.

"Go ahead, Bert. Take a number. Go on. Tell him."

"I won't be made a fool out of," I said. "He'll probably squirt water out of the box at me."

The man scowled and leaned back against the wall with his arms against his chest.

"Yes, no. Take picture. Not take picture. All the same."

"An independent devil," said Mark, hiccoughing. Grace laughed.

"Come on, it's getting dark," said Richie impatiently.

"All right," I said, conscious that the surly eyes were upon me. "Go ahead."

The man unfolded his arms.

"How many?"

"Oh, I don't know," I said, feeling more foolish with every moment.

"Make it ten years," said Mark.

"Let's see how the medico looks in ten years."

The man instantly went about his business in a knowing manner. He

put his head into the cloth at the back of the camera box and shifted the tripod slightly. Then he glanced at the lens and picked up the rubber bulb. Without further ceremony, he squeezed it. Darting to the back of the box, he pulled out the oblong picture and immersed it in a metal container. Then he began to rock on his heels and whistle in a flat tone that was without melody. I looked at him closely. He was a thoroughly disagreeable man. After a moment, he withdrew the picture, glanced at it, then backed it with an ordinary cardboard frame, and handed it to me. His hands were gnarled and dirty, even filthy, but I noticed that he took care not to touch me. Then he returned to his place at the wall, and the others crowded about me.

The picture of me was clear enough, though the background was smoky and indistinct.

"It's a fake," said Richie. "He doesn't look any different."

"He does too," said Grace. "Lines in his face, and he looks heavier."

"Just a bad exposure," said Mark.

I was disappointed. I don't know what I had expected.

"Well, ten years isn't much. That'd only make him thirty-five. Should have taken twenty years," said Grace. "That's what I want. Twenty years."

She pushed me aside, and took her place in front of the camera. I stepped to Midge's side and glanced again at the picture. Then, I noticed for the first time that my suit in the picture

was of an unfamiliar cut. My hand trembled. Midge whispered to me.

"Please take me home," she said, timidly, hoping that the others would not hear her.

But I paid no attention to her. I was staring in fascination at my picture. There was a small line on the right cheek that seemed to belong there. It was a scar. I rubbed my hand over the unblemished surface of my right cheek and looked at the picture man. He was standing in front of the camera box, fussing with the lens.

"What are you doing?" Grace demanded. "What's taking you so long?"

"Change focus. Ten to twenty," he said shortly.

"If he doesn't hurry up, I'm going to keel over," said Mark. "Those drinks have gone to my head."

"Plenty of room there," said Grace, standing stiffly.

The picture man stepped away from the lens and squeezed the bulb without further warning.

"Say," exploded Grace. "I wasn't ready. Why didn't you tell me you were going to take it?"

"Make no difference," he snapped, and went through the same brief developing process, all the while whistling his disagreeable tune.

When she received her picture, we gathered about her, but she cupped it in her hands so that only she could see it. Grace, being a fat girl, was always that way when weighing herself or looking at snapshots of her-

self. She smiled, then laughed.

"Why, this isn't me. It's mama," she said, holding the picture out so that we could see it. "It looks just like mama."

It did look like Grace's mother. The figure was matronly, and the hair was plainly greyed.

"Your mama never wore a hat like that egg-shaped thing," said Richie slowly. "Besides, she doesn't look just like that."

"He fixes them up in that little box," said Mark. "A darn clever wrinkle. He ought to make a fortune. Come on, I'm next. Let's see how I'll look in twenty years."

The picture man stood stolidly.

"No more picture until get money," he said.

Richie tossed him a crumpled dollar bill.

"Here's your money. Now go ahead, sour face."

Grace was examining her picture more closely. She gasped.

"Why, I'm wearing that dragon brooch, Richie. The one we saw in the window yesterday, that you said you'd buy me when you made your first million."

Her tone was incredulous. Richie snatched the picture from her and looked at it, then handed it back to her without a word. He turned to me and raised his hands questioningly. There was a dazed look in his eyes.

Mark's picture was undeniably Mark, except that he was even gaunter, and completely bald.

"And to think of the money I've wasted on hair tonic, and the time and energy used up in brushing and massaging my hair," he said weakly. "Just goes to show, what's coming is coming, regardless."

He said nothing about a fake this time, but continued to stare at it, obviously startled. When the man took Richie's picture out of the immersion tank, he glanced at it and chuckled mirthlessly before handing it to him. Richie's face turned scarlet as he looked at it.

"Say, what is this?" he said roughly. "What kind of a joke is this?" His voice trembled.

I looked over his shoulder. It was a portly, elderly Richie, resembling Richie's Uncle John, save for one detail. There was a crutch under his right arm, and his right trouser-leg, plainly empty, was folded above the knee.

"You trying to say I'm going to lose a leg?" he said harshly to the picture man. "What kind of a game are you playing here?"

Richie was literally shocked. He swayed on his feet, and the cords in his throat stood out. The man shrugged and glanced at the sky. The clouds were solid and unbroken, an unvarying shade of massy grey.

"Five for dollar. One more. Take. Not take. No difference."

"I oughta punch your head in," said Richie thickly. "I oughta punch your head in."

"Cut it out, Richie," said Mark.

"It's Midge's turn. Go on, Midge."

We were avoiding each other's eyes, and I suddenly realized the chill and dampness of the street. Shadows had deepened, and an oppressive gloom surrounded us. A cold wind whipped down the street, and I shivered.

"Your turn, Midge," said Grace. "Go on."

Midge shook her head and clung to my arm.

"No, I want to go home. Please let's go home."

"I paid him," said Richie. "I paid him. Go ahead."

"I don't want to. I'll pay you back," said Midge, but I loosened the grip of her hand on my arm and pushed her forward. Still she hesitated, and we were all curiously strained and angry as we urged her into her place.

"You'll stay home after this," I said. "I don't know why I brought you along."

"Go on, ninny," said Grace. "Can't you ever be a good sport?"

"Stop sniffing like a wet blanket," said Mark.

"Let me alone. I don't want any pictures," said Midge, her eyes filling with tears.

"It's all in fun," said Richie. "Go on." And his voice hissed. She gave in and stood before the camera.

"How many?" said the picture man. "Five, ten, twenty?"

"I don't know, I don't know," said Midge, frightened.

"Tell him," said Grace. "Can't you remember anything?"

"Five, five," said Midge nervously.

"Five?" said Grace. "What are you afraid of? Mine was twenty. Don't you want Bert to see how you'll look?"

"I said five," Midge said defiantly. "Five, five, five."

The picture man adjusted the lens of the camera, then stepped to the side and pressed the bulb. He immersed the picture and mounted it quickly, glancing at the sky as he handed the picture to her.

She looked at it for a moment, then looked hesitantly back at me.

"It's just blank," she said. "It doesn't show anything."

We all looked at it, then at the picture man.

"Take another one," said Grace harshly. "This one didn't come out."

"Camera take what camera see." His guttural had grown deeper.

"It's just blank, it doesn't show anything," said Midge, beginning to whimper. "Why should mine be blank? Nobody else's was blank."

"Never make bad picture. Camera take what is," said the picture man. He had retreated back against the wall into the gloom so that only the outline of his figure was visible.

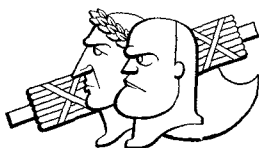
Midge began to sob, and she stood alone, small and bent, and the picture shook in her hands.

"It's just a blank," she sobbed softly. "It doesn't show anything."

—LEE FALK

POWER BY SEIZURE

*THE WHEEL OF POLITICAL FORTUNE
SEEMS TO SPIN BACK 2000 YEARS*



THE methods of acquiring political power in the modern world, in spite of all the novelties in industrial technique, have changed not towards something new but towards something very old; they have become almost exactly the same as they were in ancient Greece and Rome. Consider the three most powerful individuals in Europe: Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin. No one of them had any initial advantages of birth or fortune or education; all three owe their success to a combination of the qualities of the demagogue, the wire-puller and the gangster; their careers can be closely paralleled by those of many tyrants in Greece, and of Sulla, Caesar and Augustus in Rome (except that the Roman Dictators were aristocratic). The requisites of success are: an important discontented class; a persuasive tongue, by which to make the discontented believe that you will right their wrongs; skill in organizing a party and a private army; ruthlessness in seizing and holding power by bloodshed and treachery. Having achieved control of the machinery of the State, you need only regulate

propaganda and the press, teach children to regard you as more or less divine, feed the army well, and keep an immense secret service to nose out every whisper of disaffection. You will then be secure against everything except defeat in war.

The great dictators have arisen out of a system of free competition—not the orderly and limited kind that was praised by Liberals and is now praised by old-fashioned Conservatives, but the all-in kind in which no methods are barred, not even wholesale murder. They have, however, established systems in which competition is no longer free, but is confined to one particular form: the endeavor to secure the favor of the tyrant, or of his lieutenant, or his lieutenant's lieutenant, according to the hierarchical status of the aspirant. In antiquity, this situation produced government by eunuchs; in the modern world, it produces government by spies. And the most successful spy is the one who inspires most terror in the Dictator.

The reversion to antiquity in recent years is remarkable, but is, I think, a natural result of certain modern in-

ventions. Modern democracy has hitherto differed from that of Greece and Rome in the employment of the representative system, as opposed to personal voting on each issue by the citizens assembled in the market place. In ancient times, owing to the absence of an elected legislature, democracy could not extend beyond the walls of a single city. When Roman citizenship was granted to the inhabitants of other parts of Italy, the new citizens could not, in practice, acquire any share of political power, since this could only be exercised by those who were actually in Rome. The geographical difficulty was overcome, in the modern world, by the practice of choosing representatives. Until very recently, the representative, once chosen, had considerable independent power, since men living at a distance from the capital could not know what was happening soon enough, or in sufficient detail, to be able to express their opinion effectively. Now, however, owing to broadcasting, rapid mobility, newspapers, etc., large countries have become more and more like the City States of antiquity; there is more personal contact (of a sort) between men at the center and voters at a distance; followers can bring pressure on leaders, and leaders, reciprocally, can exert influence on followers, to an extent which was impossible in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries. The result has been to diminish the importance of the representative and increase that of the leader. Par-

liaments are no longer effective intermediaries between voters and governments. All the dubious propagandist devices formerly confined to election times can now be employed continuously. The Greek City State, with its demagogues, tyrants, body-guards, and exiles, has revived because its methods of propaganda have again become available.

Economics—the science of wealth—arose in the Eighteenth Century, at a time when power seemed stable, but new classes were rapidly rising to opulence. There has been no corresponding science of power, and yet that would be of even greater importance than economics. Men desire power quite as much as they desire wealth; indeed power is the source of wealth even more than wealth is the source of power. Wealth, in fact, is one department of power. Economics, from Adam Smith downwards, concentrates on the kind of wealth which depends upon law; the vocation of highwaymen is not included among industries, and is not treated as a legitimate source of the “wealth of nations.” Yet it was the national exercise of this vocation which caused the wealth of Rome in antiquity, of Bagdad in the Eighth Century, of Spain in the Sixteenth, and (to a considerable extent) of London in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth. It would be interesting to investigate in detail the connection between the conquest of India and the Industrial Revolution. Japan is, at the present time,

seeking wealth by the time-honored method of military force, while Germany and Italy are preparing to do likewise. It is part of the general movement of integration which is characteristic of our time that the distinction between economics and politics has become more obviously artificial than it used to be, owing to the increasing importance of States in commerce and industry. Is Dr. Schacht an economic or a political force? The question is obviously absurd.

In the science of power, there are two different techniques to be considered: (1) the kind that generates organizations, (2) the kind that gives control of organizations. In the former, economics has led the way, whereas in the latter it has always lagged behind politics. It was economic needs—railways, power stations, large-scale irrigation, etc.—that did most to promote the organizing of human activities. But the methods of obtaining economic power are much more old-fashioned than the methods of politics. Although until the Great War political power, over the greater part of the earth's surface, was still handed down from father to son, the hereditary principle in politics, first effectively challenged by the French Revolution, has almost disappeared since 1918. In economics, on the contrary, it is still taken for granted; the overwhelming majority of those who have money leave it to their wives and children. Economic dynasties, such as the Astors, Rockefellers and Mor-

gans, are not felt to be inconsistent with Jeffersonian democracy, which has a horror of dynasties on political thrones. The rise of new men in economics at the present day is still effected by means of such qualities as led to political advancement in the time of the Tudors. Some time ago, I had occasion to read about the first steps to fortune of a number of men who afterward reached the front rank in the plutocracy, and found that they mostly had the capacity, when still young and unknown, to induce banks to lend them money without security. This is the same kind of ability by which Henry VIII's new aristocracy acquired the lands of the Church. In politics, the methods of acquiring power have changed very greatly; in economics, they remain what they were in politics before the French Revolution.

The distinction between economics and politics, which now begins to appear artificial, had its origin in certain historical accidents. Economics, both in England and France, was in the service of the insurgent middle class, against the monarchy and aristocracy. The new economic power belonged to one set of men, the old political power to another. *Laissez faire* was the demand of energetic men to be let alone by governments which seemed to them to be making a mess of things; when its champions acquired political power, their views changed. In America, where the battle against monarchy and aristocracy

was completed in 1783, there was nothing corresponding to the Liberalism of British manufacturers up to 1846, when they finally defeated the aristocracy: on the contrary, Alexander Hamilton, from the first, taught the leaders of finance and industry to think as masters, not as rebels against external authority. The victory of the middle class, however, was not complete either in England or in America, for in both countries it was necessary to enlist the support of wage-earners, who, in return, demanded and obtained a share of political power. Thus the separation of politics and economics re-emerged in a new form: political power, formerly regal or aristocratic, became popular. Since wage-earners still failed to secure what they considered justice, their champions invented the theory that ultimate power is economic rather than political. Hence Marxism, which is based upon the circumstances of England, not of Marx's native country.

German development, in fact, has been always very different from that of England, America, or France. Hamilton's doctrines, preached by List, were taken up by an autocratic and pre-industrial State, and after a very few years of half-hearted *laissez faire* Bismarck's State Socialism became the established system. The State thus retained economic power, and economics, as a science separate from politics, never had much reality. The only period during which, in Germany, economic and political power

were divorced, was that of post-war Socialist government; although, in theory, Socialism stood for the unifying of the two kinds of power, in practice it alone parted them, since its victory was too partial to extend to the sphere of economics. And as soon as German Socialism failed, the Bismarckian combination of economics and politics was revived.

The separation of economics and politics, like Montesquieu's separation of legislature, executive, and judiciary, is merely the pleasant fancy of amiable people who value a quiet life more than power. Given a sufficiently strong desire for power, it is inevitable that all the forms of power should come to be concentrated in one organization, although the process may involve a longer or shorter period of Civil War. The whole tendency of the modern world towards larger and more efficient organizations is against the separation of economic and political activities. This is more especially the case where war, or the fear of it, plays a large part in the national life; for war is a political act, but is fought, nowadays, mainly with economic weapons.

Socialism, as a doctrine, may be considered to consist in three propositions: (1) wage-earners ought to have a larger share of the total produce; (2) for this purpose they must control the State; (3) and, further, the State must control economic activities. At present, the second object has been more or less achieved in democratic

countries, and the third in Germany, Italy, and Russia; but there is no country where the second and third have both been achieved. Owing to the Nineteenth-Century separation of politics and economics, some Socialists and all Communists have regarded the third object as more important than the second. Yet a glaring proof of the contrary existed: the Congo "Free" State in the days of King Leopold. All wealth, all land, all natural resources, belonged to the State, and the State was the King. The resulting tyranny was such that the population was halved in a few years.

In place of the "economic man" of the old-fashioned text-books, we must substitute the "political man." The economic man was supposed to desire only wealth; the political man shall be supposed to desire only power. Both are abstractions, but all sciences work with abstractions, and the political man will give us a better approximation to the existing world than can be obtained from the economic man. Not that everybody is a "political man" in the sense of only desiring power, but that, owing to the breakdown of traditional sources of authority, the man who achieves power now-

adays is, broadly speaking, the man who most passionately desires it. This is something new: Hitler could not have risen to power in the Prussia of Frederick the Great, nor Mussolini in any past time later than that of Machiavelli; and Lenin could not have been successful except under the Liberal regime of Kerensky. It was the doctrines of Liberalism that facilitated the free fight for power out of which modern tyrannies have developed.

Our troubles have arisen from the fact that those most desirous of power are not, as a rule, those most likely to exercise it for the public good. When a man seeks wealth, he is apt to be laughed at if he says that he only wants it in order to use it philanthropically; but when a man seeks power, his lofty professions are accepted by vast numbers at their face value. Democracy, the only device so far known for controlling the holders of power, breaks down when the electorate is unable to resist rhetoric; if it is to succeed, it requires a kind of popular education hitherto wholly lacking, education in critical judgment, in scepticism, even in something like cynicism.

—BERTRAND RUSSELL

THE LACONISMS OF HOWARD BLAKE

DEBUTANTE—A debutante is a device for putting a rich man's money in circulation.

POST-MORTEM—When husband and wife kiss it is generally nothing but lip service.

CRITICISM—A competent critic is one who foolishly lets his judgment rule his emotions.

MAN—The nerve of Man, who speaks of himself and the "lower" animals.

LAST MONTH in this space we asked for expressions from readers on the relative importance and appeal of CORONET's main features, that is, the photographs, the art reproductions and the articles.

We assumed that some one feature must be largely responsible for the magazine's quick leap to large-circulation status and felt that if we could only learn what that one feature might be we could concentrate upon its exploitation.

The photographs took first place over the other two main divisions of the features, but by plurality rather than majority proportions.

Further, the attempt to measure the relative popularity of the three features was complicated by the fact that more than a third of the letters stoutly insisted that it was the balanced proportions of the magazine's menu that made it appetizing, and that any disturbance of the present layout could only result in a narrowing, rather than a strengthening, of its appeal.

Probably the whole subject could not be better covered than by one sentence, from a recent Walter Winchell column, to the effect that nobody knows what the public wants, except its money's worth.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that the photographs did take first place in the informal balloting and we have, accordingly, increased their number with this issue, as you will doubtless notice.

THERE were three other questions that we asked, not in this space, but in a questionnaire sent to subscribers, and the answers may be interesting as guideposts toward this magazine's future.

First, there was the question of size. Pocket-size magazines have been born at such a guinea-pig rate these past few months that we were frankly flirting with the idea of changing CORONET's size if for no better reason than to be different. But the answer on this one was such an overwhelming insistence on retaining the convenience of the pocket-and-handbag size that we have abandoned all thought of change.

Over ninety-five per cent of the questionnaired subscribers voted thumbs down on the question of cartoons, so they're apparently doomed, their place to be filled in the future by etchings, lithographs and drawings of a light or satiric nature, along the line of the Peggy Bacon section in this issue.

Apparently influenced by the obvious consideration that advertising revenue permits the enhancement of the reader's money's worth, as demonstrated in the evolution of *ESQUIRE*, about eighty per cent of CORONET's voting subscribers approved the acceptance of advertising which will accordingly begin with an early issue.

★ ★ ★

The new issue of CORONET appears on the 25th of each month.



CORONET

for
APRIL

1937

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ARNOLD GINGRICH

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